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A Call to Arms.

By Edna Coray.

Paul Grayson and his bride had critically inspected every square yard, from ceiling to floor, of each of the four pretty rooms of their new cottage. Now they looked at each other and laughed—not from amusement, but from utter joy for which they knew no better expression at the moment.

"And the evening and the morning is the first day, and behold everything is exceedingly good. Mrs. Grayson, we have the original pair beaten a mile—just through your adaptation of their weddingless, receptionless, tourless nuptials. Clara, my girl, you're a miracle. I'm perfectly delighted, thank you!"

"I'm just *crazy* glad, thank you! Paul, you're a perfect dear to humor my whim—oh, I've always dreamed of just this sort of a honeymoon—you and I by ourselves in our own little home, the home in which you let me be really and truly a partner. Dear, I do feel so—so *belonging* to you and the place!"

Paul immediately gave convincing demonstrations of his own blissful state of mind. After a bit he tilted up her chin and gazed into her eyes: "Clara, *honest injun*, isn't there in your soul the least regret for the showy wedding accessories we could easily have had? Not the tiniest, *sneakingist* bit of regret?"

"Nary a sneak, Paul dear! Everything is exactly as I've wished: our home free from debt; several years' stores of table-linen, curtains and bedding; every needful household convenience; youth, health, and—you! What more could mortal woman desire? Oh, Paul, our sky hasn't a cloud, not one!"

The husband's response was a rhapsody without words—altogether fitting and satisfactory, but was rudely interrupted by the carrier's whistle and the thump of twisted paper against the front door. The young people laughed appreciatively.

"Our sky may be cloudless, but our new paint is no longer dentless, I'll bet a cooky! It's a mercy the glass panel escaped!"

"Just a reminder that we are still on mere earth, and not soaring about it. I'll have our breakfast ready in a jiffy."

"And I'll go see what has fallen from the sky!" laughed Paul.

Clara's remark about the cloudless sky was still echoing pleasantly through his consciousness, as he looked about for the paper. It had bounced from the porch and was standing on end among the flowers beside the steps. Mechanically unrolling and smoothing the crumpled sheets. Paul glanced about the pretty yard, then up at the sky—it was indeed cloudless. Then his eye roved to the newspaper.

"Good heavens, what's this! '*President calls out State Militia—De facto troops fire upon American detachment.—Orders to recruit to war strength.—Governor calls for volunteers!*'" the glaring headings in two colors covered a quarter of the front page.

Rushing into the house, he startled Clara into immediate forgetfulness of things frying and boiling upon the electric range, and, fork in hand she peered over his shoulder as he read the ominous news aloud. She was as excited as he:

"Uncle Sam won't stand that sort of thing, that's sure!"

"You just bet he won't, and the states will back him to a man!" answered Paul, with conviction, and Clara agreed, with spirit.

"I'll just snatch a bite of breakfast and catch the next car! There must be a lot of excitement up town and I must see the latest bulletins!"

"Sit right down and I'll dish up your eggs—the cereal is ready, too—I'll eat later—you can barely get the eight car. Paul dear!"

The great tidings had shocked both young people into temporary forgetfulness of their own sentimental affairs, for they were thoroughly sensible, and patriotic to the core.

"Phone me as soon as possible," Clara reminded him as he flung on his coat, "for I'll be in a fever till I hear the news!"

"Sure thing—good bye darling—I'll be back before long," and after a swift kiss and embrace, Paul sprinted for the car.

Picking up the paper, Clara carefully read the details Paul had hurried over, and forgot her own breakfast in the exciting perusal.

She had just tidied up the kitchen when the expected call came. Paul was too much excited for preliminaries: "The whole town's on the streets! The state guard must have a hundred-fifty recruits at once! The boss will let fifty of us off on full pay, and as about two hundred others are ready waiting, there will be no trouble about filling the ranks. It sure looks like war's upon us, and all us fellows at the shop have volunteered."

"*You*—volunteered!" Clara hardly knew her own voice, but Paul seemingly found nothing amiss in it.

"Surest thing you know—the whole blooming bunch of fifty! We've got to take the examination right away, so I must hurry. I don't know just how long—but I'll send you word as soon as I can. Say, but you're a brick of a girl! Good bye!"

Slowly replacing the receiver, Clara sank upon the nearest chair, and tried to realize what it all meant. Paul had enlisted; he was going to war; he was leaving her and their little home—the dear place they had both worked so hard for! He might be gone a long time, perhaps—oh it was unthinkable! But if he were ill, or wounded, she could go and nurse him. But suppose—dear God! thousands of *other* widows had faced *that alternative*!—Perhaps there might be a—a place for a monument—that would help a little. But suppose it were an open battleground where hundreds lay, perhaps mangled, and trampled—O heaven above! *that* would be absolutely unbearable!

Faint and deathly sick she stumbled over to the couch. For some time there was blank oblivion. At last her consciousness struggled to the surface again and she picked up the broken threads of her harrowing reverie:

Thousands, yes, tens of thousands of other sweethearts and wives had suffered that ghastly bereavement—and yet, somehow, lived through it. Was *she* such a weakling that she could not survive a not uncommon experience? Was *that* the comrade of her own brave Paul—and he had called her a "brick!" Oh she must live up to him—she *must*!

These latter thoughts proved unexpectedly bracing, and Clara at once sat up and began serious plans for the future.

Of course, without Paul the cottage would be useless—she must either rent it or sell it. She would return to her parents and secure her old office position, or an equivalent job—certainly work of some kind to take her mind off—

A quick step upon the walk; a glimpse of blue uniform; a sharp ring—O heaven, *this is the fatal telegram*! Staggering to her feet she nerved herself to open the door. A blue-coated messenger threw a startled look at her, then: "Mrs. Grayson? This note's for you. Sign here please."

With trembling fingers she opened the letter. This is what she read: "Clara, dearest, a great disappointment awaited me at headquarters. Please don't feel too badly, dear, but the fact is, *I failed to pass the physical test required for military service*. Dear girlie, it can't be helped, so we mustn't fret over it. I know you'll feel as chagrined as I do, but—we'll take in the big show tonight and forget our troubles for the time being. I'll be home just as soon as I get the tickets. Devotedly, Paul."

How Betty Helped.

By *Elsie Chamberlain Carroll.*

"Dad, I need fifty cents to help buy a base-ball outfit. Us fellers is organizin' an' maybe they're goin' t' put me in captain an' we're goin' t' send off fer the things to-morrow so they'll git here by the time the ground's dry 'nuff t' play." Ten year old Bobby just off to the afternoon session of school, intercepted his father at the front door as the latter reached home tardily for the mid-day meal.

Robert Benton's brow contracted into the anxious lines which were becoming habitual, as he looked into the eager, expectant face of his son.

"I don't know about it, Bobby. There seems to be so many places for the fifty cent pieces to go these days."

"But, Dad," the freckled face lost its animation, "I jist got t' have it. The fellers is all a throwin' in, an'—maybe they're goin' t' 'lect me captain." The man's hand went slowly to his pocket. It was very hard for Robert Benton to deny his loved ones. He took out a small handful of loose change.

"All right, son, here you are. But remember that father doesn't get his money so easily," and he dropped a quarter, a couple of dimes and a nickel into the outstretched hand. The young office-seeker bounded out of the door with a gratified whoop while the father turned down the hall with a sigh.

"Well, we waited dinner until everything was spoiled. What made you so late?" he was greeted by his wife as he came in to the dining room.

"I had to stop and see about some business," he replied non-committingly as he went to the kitchen to wash.

"Nellie, take up some fresh potatoes for your father and get some more bread." Mrs. Benton did not leave the machine where she was busy with some soft blue material and creamy lace.

As Mr. Benton sat down to his delayed dinner he reached for the Semi-weekly *News* on the window seat.

"You'd better eat your dinner and not sit reading. Nellie must wash the dishes before she goes back to school. She is going to have a party for her Sunday School class tonight and she'll have all she can do when she gets home. I have my hands full with this dress. I'll declare I dread the sewing worse all the time. I did hope that by the time the girls were grown we'd be able to hire it done." Mrs. Benton gave vent to her feelings in an aggrieved sigh.

"Where's Blanche?" the father inquired.

"She's over to the hall rehearsing. They've decided to put

the Mutual play on tomorrow night after all. I don't see how I'm going to get this costume done. O, yes, she says she'll have to have a new parasol. It calls for a blue silk parasol in the third act and her old one is green and is too shabby anyhow. It will do for Nellie this summer."

"And, Dad, I need some money for my party. I've got to have some paper napkins and a lot of pencils for one of the games, and two prizes? Can I have a dollar?" Mr. Benton had let the paper fall to the floor and he was eating his soggy potatoes and cold meat absently as he listened.

"Well, I don't know where all the money's coming from. Newman sent me word today that he'd have to have something more than the interest on that note before long or he'd foreclose the mortgage."

"That's just like Ike Newman," Mrs. Benton put in bitterly. "He can't bear to see a man in a tight place without pinching him still harder."

"He has really been very lenient," her husband defended. "It has been nearly three years now since we paid anything except the interest and it seems harder all the time to meet that," and the man drummed on the table mechanically as a cloud of anxiety shadowed his face. Fifteen years before, the Bentons had given their note and a mortgage for money to pay for their home. The terms were good and they had expected to be able to pay off the note in a few years from what they could save from the salary the husband received for his work in the local freight office.

"Well, I'm sure I don't know how we can get along on any less," Mrs. Benton complained. "Goodness knows that I've done nothing but scrimp ever since we were married."

"I know you have, Laura, and that is one of the things I had hoped you would not have to do." Mr. Benton looked across at the woman who bent with a nervous, irritated pucker in her forehead over her sewing. He might have added that many women in her place would have 'managed' more and 'scrumped' less, but Robert Benton was not addicted to such sallies. Instead he took his checkbook from his pocket and said:

"How much will that parasol cost?"

"You'd better make the check for five dollars. I'm afraid I've spoiled the overskirt of this dress. I tried to cut it from the picture to save buying a pattern. Nellie will have to go by the store on her way from school and get some more cloth."

"Oh, I forgot. Here is a letter for you," and he handed it across to his wife.

Mrs. Benton put down her sewing and opened the letter.

"It's from Mabel," she said shortly, looking, womanlike, first at the signature. Mr. Benton arose from the table and went into the hall for his hat.

"Rob, come and listen to this," his wife called to him. "Mabel wants to send us her Betty for the summer. She says Betty has been working so hard in college she is threatened with a nervous breakdown, and the doctor had ordered her to the country. She says she can't afford to send her to a regular country sanitarium, and she wonders if we would mind letting her come here. She could afford giving up living in the country to send Betty to college" (Mrs. Benton spoke with ill-concealed disgust), "then asks us to keep her when she is through." She never had approved of her brother's wife. Much less since her brother's death, and her sister-in-law, disregarding her advice, had persisted in giving her daughter a college education.

"She wants to send her right away," Mrs. Benton continued. "As if we didn't have about all we could do for now."

"Why, Laura," chided the husband, "I'm surprised to hear you talk like that. Goodness knows poor Mabel has had a hard enough time. Of course, we will be glad to have Betty come."

"Well, then you had better write and tell them so, for I haven't time today and they want to know right off," she replied with a sigh.

* * * * *

Betty Newport had been in M—— a little more than a fortnight. She was well aware of her aunt's half-hearted welcome. Still the enthusiastic reception she had received from Blanche and Nellie and little Bob, and her uncle's sincere kindness, almost made her forget this one little shadow.

Besides, she had discovered that there was a thorn beneath the surface of the Benton family life and her college trained mind had ferreted out the place it lay.

Here was a mission for her, she told herself over and over trying to decide on a plan of action. It had not taken her long to learn that her uncle's shoulders were weighted down with a load of debt. It had taken her a still shorter time to see the cause of his inability to lift that load.

A few visits to her aunt's kitchen had made her realize the truth in the old saying that "A woman can throw out with a teaspoon more than a man can bring in with a shovel."

The old truism, "Waste not, want not," had been grounded into the girl not only by her own thrifty mother, but by four years of careful training in the home economics department of the finest college in the state. It made her heartsick to see the unconscious extravagance in her aunt's household management—or rather her lack of management.

"If only I could talk to Aunt Laura," the girl sighed, "and show her the advantages of the other method. But she won't let me," and she smiled grimly as she recalled the frequent rebuffs

she had already received. However, a few moments later she was carefully leading her conversation around to the topic which was of so much importance in the solution of the problem she had discovered.

"Aunt Laura, have you ever tried the new household budget system?" she asked sweetly. Mrs. Benton regarded her with superior indifference as she answered curtly:

"I'd think you would know, Betty, that a woman with a family and house to look after and all her own sewing and washing and ironing and mending and canning wouldn't find much time to sit around and figure. I've read a little about that nonsense in the magazines, but it's for folks with more money and time than I have. Why, there's to be so much for food and shelter and clothes and education and emergencies and benevolence and savings and I don't know what all. It's discouraging to even read over the list when you don't have money for half of the things you feel like you really have to have. We have a simpler system of bookkeeping than that. We know it takes all your Uncle Rob can earn to feed us and keep us in decent clothes with all the scrimping I can do, so what's the use of wasting time on the rest of that nonsense when it doesn't apply to us in the least."

"But it does apply to you, Aunt Laura. You do spend for those other things, most of them. You pay so much for tithing and fast offerings; you buy books and magazines; you have dentist bills, and the girls give parties, and Bobby has some money to spend. The thing is, to know what you are spending your money for. To see if you are using it with a proper standard of values." The girl was warming to her subject, but she was cut short.

"Well, I'd naturally suppose that twenty years of experience in spending and scheming and skimping would be worth a little, but I suppose that nowadays it doesn't count for much compared with a few high falutin' college theories," and with this parting shot, Mrs. Benton left her blushing niece to go into the kitchen and see what she could find to prepare for supper.

The case looked hopeless, but Betty Newport was not one to be easily defeated. Besides, her uncle's worried, anxious face, with its deepening lines and hopeless expression, made her all the more determined to win against the unconscious foes battling against him. Anything else would have been easier. But to open Aunt Laura's eyes seemed to be the one remedy. She was aware that her aunt had many excellent qualities and she felt sure that if once she sensed her great fault, amends would immediately follow.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

A Child's Record

By Maud Baggarley.

Often when compiling genealogy for my family record I have paused in my occupation to muse about the bearers of the quaint, old-fashioned names—bearers long since dead and turned to dust. I have wondered if they were dark or fair, had good teeth or bad, were patient and sweet, or lazy and "cranky," and a hundred and one other things of a like nature. As a rule not even the cause of death is given.

This desire of mine to visualize the persons, who are only names to the living, has led me to insert brief descriptions in my record for the benefit of posterity.

I read somewhere recently that genealogists elsewhere are beginning to awaken to the fact that there is a mass of material, awaiting their examination in Utah. It is true that mere names are necessary to us in our work for the dead, but a fuller record would answer our purpose equally well, and also afford a vast fund of information to those who study eugenics, heredity, and the influence of environment upon character.

Science is hampered in its research work in the field of child-culture because of a lack of authentic data. This data, the memory of various mothers cannot fully and perfectly supply.

The condition can only be remedied by an intelligent observation of the physical and mental development of many children, with an account of their surroundings and the people with whom they associate, carefully and promptly recorded.

This duty must of necessity devolve upon the mothers. Although you, yourself, may not believe in pre-natal culture it will interest your child to know what you did and thought and read before his birth. Then why not keep a record especially for him?

I believe that one who keeps a record of a new life, would be ashamed and afraid to bear an unwelcome child.

If you feel that you must have an expensive book in which to keep a journal the result will be: good intentions but no record.

A good, strong book with an imitation leather cover may be procured from the nearest grocery store for ten cents, and an excellent kodak may be purchased for about two and a half dollars.

These with pen and ink and a trifle of "stick-to-it-iveness" are a sufficient equipment. You can even dispense with the kodak if you get good pictures two or three times during a child's life.

Write your baby's name on the first page and leave space for its picture. When the babe is born, record its birth, weight and

any other details that you wish to remember or which might be good to know in after years. Measure and weigh it once a week, note any little ailments, its first conscious smile, appearance of teeth, when it first sits erect, its disposition, when it begins to creep, to stand and to walk, and record everything immediately.

When the little one begins to talk and develope mentality, jot down its cute sayings. The humor and wisdom of the little things will astonish you later. Take kodak pictures of them as often as you can, and have them as artistic as possible, and paste them in the book or books. Have formal pictures taken by a good photographer, frequently if you can afford it. You should have at least one each year, according to Sir Francis Galton, the scientist. Paste in pictures of the house wherein the child was born, the schoolhouse and meetinghouse where he first attended, Sunday school, and pictures of his teachers and playmates. You can also put in pictures of his pets.

I give my little kodak pictures titles and date each one. For instance, one picture I have is that of a little girl standing on a sort of pedestal and this I call "A Modern Venus de Milo." Above the picture of her birthplace I have written these lines from Wordsworth:

"Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting.
The soul that rises with us—our life's star—
Hath had elsewhere its setting
And cometh from afar.
Not in entire forgetfulness
Nor yet in utter nakedness,
But trailing clouds of glory do we come
From God, who is our home."

I have also in each child's book the names of its progenitors for several generations back. You may think that such a small book could not hold so much, but—just try it! When a book is full call it Vol. I, and lay it away in a safe place.

Do not forget that the more pictures you have, the more interesting your book.

And another thing, the color of the child's hair is, as a rule, constantly changing, and in order that he may have some idea of how he looked at different periods of life, cut a lock of hair at least once a year and put it in a tiny envelope, label it with name and date, and paste in your book.

I occasionally let each child lay his hand on a page of his journal and outline it with a pencil then go over it with ink.

Let me say once more that if each young mother would devote a few minutes, now and again, to making a record such as I have described for each of her children, during the first few years of its life, she would live to see the day when she considered its price far above that of rubies.

"Yesser, they was!—they looked jes' like gradmas," chimed Joey showing new life, even without his supper.

"Well, hurry and tell me all about them and then we'll eat," encouraged the mother.

Hungry as Mary was, real interest lighted her face as she began to relate: "As soon's I saw them I jumped up an' says, 'What do you want?'"—

"That wasn't exactly polite," interrupted the listening parent.

Mary's face fell and Joey confessed his behavior proudly.

"But I says to 'em, 'have some chairs'—cause I thought they was grandmas—" he lingered over the word—"an' I handed 'em the seats an' they set down."

"They was as kind as grandmas," Tom volunteered.

"You bet, they was sure good ladies," Mary had recovered herself and continued, "One of them says, 'Where's your ma?' And I says, 'Gone to work!' And she wanted to know where, and I told her to the factory. And then the other one says, 'An' where's your pa?' And I says, 'We ain't got one now—'" at this there was a moment of silence, and all eyes softened as with some sorrowful memory, soon Mary went on: "They asked how long we'd been living here, and when I said a month they both gasped and looked around as surprised an' says, 'You have!'"

"And their voices was that kind 'at I was sorry when they'd gone," contributed Tom.

"Did they go when they'd found out all that," sneered the woman, though her bitter tone was weakened by a sort of don't-care weariness.

"Yes, they said they was just going 'round 'bout something—I forget, now, what it was—and would come again when you was home."

Mary finished her recital and gazed with longing towards the bundles on the table.

The worn mother puzzled frowningly for a moment, then said briskly, with a faint suggestion of anticipation, "Well, now, we'll have supper."

"Goody, goody! This is bread, aint it, mother?" chanted Joey in suppressed tones, touching with a pathetic gesture of affection the small package in brown paper.

The mother nodded affirmatively to his question, a queer look of hurt in her eyes, but the next instant, dismissing painful reflections turned with a show of enthusiasm to Tom.

"Son, I wonder if you could possibly find a few small sticks some place to fry a bit of sausage?" she asked. Her big surprise was out and it was a joy to see the happy eyes fastened on her.

"Sausage!" they all cried together, grinning and losing the last memory of the unwelcomed visitors.

"Yes, sir, sausage!"

"Well, you can bet I'll do some hunting," vowed Tom stoutly as snatching up his old, battered cap he vanished through the door.

"O, yum, yum—and buns!" harped Joey peeping into the paper sack.

"Get your pay tonight, mother?" Mary enquired of the woman in her craving confidence.

"Yes," replied the parent, "but I didn't dare spend much. It's only \$6 and must last us a week. You children will all need shoes before you can leave the door, and we will be obliged to buy a few dishes and something to cook in—" she began to plan with her small daughter—"I ought to get a big pan as soon as possible because I want to start to mix bread, it's so much cheaper. But before I can mix I'll have to buy flour, yeast cakes, salt, a little sugar, a big pan, a dripper and some coal and a few kindlings and that's only *bread*; dear me, however can I do it!" a horrified look came into her eyes, but she banished it immediately and came back to the moment's need.

"Mary," she said, "would you have the nerve to run into that house next door and ask the woman if she would lend us a tin plate? We'll have to have something to fry the sausage in if Tom finds some wood—but I do so hate to borrow!"

The thoughts of having cooked sausage after a month of cold as well as meager fare sent the child flying as fast as she could go, with one shoe-sole flapping and the other entirely gone, allowing the moisture from the snow to soak into her already chilled feet. She returned at once with the plate and as Tom had found a few dry sticks and a pair of men's old shoes on a rubbish pile (discarded shoes he had learned in his school of want made fair fuel) the sausage was fried and eaten from fingers as the four huddled around the feeble fire in the only two chairs the room afforded.

The stove cooled off relentlessly quick and the children, their hunger appeased, began to yawn sleepily. They soon pulled off their tattered shoes and crawled onto the old thin mattress and were tucked up by the mother in the only quilt in their possession.

"I'm cold," complained Joey, "colder'n ice."

The woman looked miserable but said nothing. There was nothing to say or do. She knew Mary and Tom were cold, also, though they did not think the fact worth mentioning. It is those having hopes their wants can be supplied who are freest to express them. Presently, however, the mother knew from the sound of regular breathing that Joey and his bed-fellows had taken refuge from cold and hunger and childhood's galling embarrassments in the wonderful land of nod.

For a long time after the little ones were lost in blissful

oblivion the destitute widow sat before the cold stove, her feet on the tiny hearth, her face in her hands and her mind on the grim battle before her for sustenance.

All at once she bestirred herself to light a candle which she fastened in its own sperm on the bare table, and taking the stub of a pencil and a few sheets of note paper from a weather-beaten old purse began to write. This is what her pen disclosed:

"DEAREST MOTHER: I haven't written to you for such a long time, I'm ashamed of myself. When I did write I took care not to let you know the true state of our affairs, because I couldn't bear to burden you with my troubles when I knew you were in such sorrow and straightened circumstances yourself. But now that I see a little gleam of light ahead I'm going to make a clean breast of everything.

"When I said we were going to leave Colorado and go further west because Joe was in poor health I told an untruth—unless you call the whiskey habit sickness, which is a conclusion I've come to. Joe was drinking so constantly that he couldn't get work in any of the mines of that state so we drifted on towards the coast. We got to the Bingham mining camp and Joe worked about a month. Then he started to drink worse than ever—there was whiskey everywhere in that place and Joe couldn't withstand it—and he's been drinking like a fish ever since. I got a little plain sewing to do and I suppose I could have managed to keep the wolf from the door, but Joe would get my money away from me some way or other so we had an awful time. What we have suffered this last year I can never tell you—I do not want you to know. But you can imagine it has been about as bad as it could be or I wouldn't have done as I have—I've left Joe. Yes, mother, I've got a divorce from my husband. [The tears fell to the paper, but she wiped them away and wrote on] I thought a lot of Joe. I do yet. I'm lonesome for him or, at least, for the Joe he used to be, and I'd have stayed with him through thick and thin if it hadn't been for the children. It wasn't fair to them, you see. I couldn't send them to school last year, as they didn't have decent clothing, and I couldn't buy them anything with Joe getting away with my money all the time. And oh, he was so cruel to us all! Poor old Joe!—he's no more like himself than black's like white. I wish there was some place he could be taken care of and cured. But I couldn't do anything for him with the children depending on me.

"Well, it's no use to tell you more. The facts are that I have my divorce and am located in a little factory town in Utah, where I hope to be able to feed and cloth my little ones and get them in school. It's going to be a terrible struggle because we

have everything to buy. I left what few household fixtures we had with Joe in the shack—poor Joe!

"When I arrived in this city I had just \$13 in my purse. I found this little board room and paid \$3 in advance to occupy it for a month, then I bought an old bedstead and mattress at a second hand store for \$3 more, and a tiny stove, rough table, and two old chairs for \$4.50; and with the remaining \$2.50 I purchased food. We brought one quilt with us—[leaving the other three for Joe] and with that and our old coats we have tried to keep warm. Our supplies gave out several days before I found work, and we were hungrier than we ever were before.

"At last I have work in a factory at \$6 a week and if I only had something in the house to use I believe I could manage.

"Mother, dear, I hope we can correspond more regularly and comfort one another now that we are both left alone.

"Write soon to the enclosed address and tell me everything.

"Your loving daughter,

"MARY J."

She did not seal the letter but slipped it into her purse, and after blowing out the candle crawled under the quilt with her brood and fell into a chilly, restless sleep.

The next evening, when the new resident returned from work, she found her children greatly excited.

"O, mother, mother, something's happened!" they all cried at once as she appeared in the door. A grin of unalloyed delight covered Mary's face. Tom jumped up and down for joy, and the baby hugged his mother's knees joyfully.

"Whatever does this mean, children?" asked the breadwinner, staring in amazement both at the hilarious youngsters and at the number of boxes and baskets scattered around on the floor.

"The good ladies!—the good ladies have been here—the ones that was here yesterday," Mary felt it her right to explain. "They brought that basket and two other ladies, younger ones, carried that tub of things."

"They wasn't grandmas but 'bout as kind as 'em," chirruped Joey.

"And two men," Mary continued heedless of the baby's interruption—"brought that swell little cupboard," she pointed at that ultra useful piece of furniture standing against the opposite wall.

"One was a—a—" Joey meant to supply the details again, but memory failed him, and he turned enquiringly to his elder brother.

"A Bishop," said Tom, after studying the ceiling a moment. "and it was him that had this sent from the grocery store," the boy leaned down and placed his two hands on a large box that

evidently contained eatables, as he laughed in an ecstasy of pleasurable anticipation.

"And it was the good ladies that sent this," Mary seized her, turned at the same time pulling her mother to the window.

"Yes, sir, coal and kindling," chorused the boys following and pointing with Mary to the little heart-gladdening pile outside.

"But children, children, children!" the mother gasped in an agonized voice, "I didn't want any one to know—I didn't want to take any charity—I can't bear it—I can't accept—"

"O, mother!" three children's voices breathed a low heart-broken wail betraying reproach and unbearable disappointment.

It wrung the mother's heart—now she knew the extent of their recent suffering. She sank into a chair and burst into tears. Still it was not the gall of destitution and dependence that made her weep but these evidences of the milk of human kindness.

"Children," she smiled humbly through her tears, as soon as she could control herself, "we'll take the things, and thank the Lord, and also try to show our gratitude to the good people who sent them when we make their acquaintance."

The youngsters could hardly contain their joy. Tom made a cheerful fire and in the comfort of its warmth the mysteries of the basket, tub and box were explored.

In the basket were two warm quilts, not new—a like number of sheets, two pillows with white cases and a small well-worn but snowy bedspread. The widow could not resist putting these on the bed at once and they imparted the first look of comfort to the poor habitation. Then Mary fished out a red table cover which was spread with house-wifely pride over the rickety table exclaiming joyously over the note of coziness it added. In the bottom of the basket was a small, white table cloth, also some tea and bath towels.

The tub contained the possibilities for cooked meals, and even the mother joined in the hand clapping over its revelations. There was a large pan, a bucket, two sauce pans, a pudding pan, a frying pan and dripper, also some knives, forks, spoons and dishes. Mary lost no time in arranging the plates, glasses and tea set in the upper part of the little cupboard while the boys, jumping up and down in wild delight, packed the contents of the box—which was good things to eat, such as flour, bacon, sugar, beans, potatoes, raisins, dried fruit, etc.—into the lower part. The things in the tub, as well as those in the basket were not new; in fact, they looked as if they had been gathered from many different homes—an article here and there that could easily be spared—but they were not less useful for all that in these distressing circumstances.

A really cooked meal was the next thing thought of, and when it was ready and spread upon the white cloth in the variously decorated dishes, and when they were all gathered around the plenteously laden board with anticipating smiles, the relieved bread-winner murmured gravely, "Children, let us ask the Lord's blessing on this food, and thank Him for His goodness!"

The little ones could scarcely remember when grace had been said at their poor table, but in their friendlessness and want their little hearts had long ago turned to the heavenly Father so they greeted their mother's suggestion with shining eyes and happy hearts.

"O yes, let us," they cried.

"Why,—a—any way—" the parent suddenly remembered—"tomorrow is Thanksgiving Day!"

"O and we'll have the goodest Thanksgiving dinner ever was, ain't it grand!" rejoiced the children.

When they had finished the wholesome repast and a new feeling of moderate content warmed all their hearts Joey chirruped, "Now, wasn't they good ladies, mother?"

"Well, I should say so," she acknowledged. "I wonder who they were."

"O, I forgot," Mary reported tardily, "they said they was—a—Relief Society sisters. And they want to get acquainted with us, and want us to come out to meeting."

"Mormons!" exclaimed the surprised women audibly, though she was talking to herself, "and after all we heard about them back home! I'm glad I didn't seal my letter to mother—won't she be astonished when I tell her. And we used to think, oh, such things!"

NOTICE.

A call is made from some of our public institutions for dried fruits of all kinds and dried corn. Any who have these articles to sell will kindly report to our General Secretary, Mrs. Amy B. Lyman.

Fear in a Little Child.

By Lucy Wright Snow.

One of the greatest problems that confronts the mother, in the proper guidance of children, is that of fear in a little child. It is important for mothers to possess some knowledge of the psychology of the child mind, in treating fear, for the reason that this instinct must be anticipated, and the parents be able to guide the child aright. For really the old advice—"an ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure"—holds good here. For in the improper guidance of this childish instinct, the whole life of the individual may be dwarfed. A youth is not a coward because his mother was, but because she has been unable to guide him properly, by not being master of her own mind.

The earliest age in which the instinct of fear has been noted is in the infant of two months old, when it exhibits

THE FEAR OF NOISES,

and a little later on, the fear of falling, etc. The nervous system of an infant at this age is extremely sensitive, the brain as yet being very plastic and undeveloped; he should, therefore, be introduced to the world very gradually, thereby giving the delicate, sensitive, nervous system time to adapt itself, little by little, to the big world. The gentleness and mother love, which God will give to every conscientious mother, prompts harmonious and musical sounds, such as mothers' lullabys, and this tends to control fear at this age. Of course, many of our latest writers tell us that the baby must not be sung to, but it is ridiculous to deprive the mother of the divine pleasure of crooning her song of love to her babe, and the babe from that solace.

At the time that the little brain is developing so rapidly that it is crowded with imaginations (about three years, or we may say, The Imaginative Age), it is very necessary for the mother to know enough of the psychology of the child mind to be able to properly anticipate these conditions and build a wall of protection around her child at this danger point.

We know that a child possesses a natural instinct of fear, which is but abnormal caution, also that other children, possibly ignorant adults, may frighten one of this tender age by such things as dark, death, storm, policeman, etc. Many parents do this, and to those who do, let me say: such a custom is born of ignorance, and the practice is the greatest injustice one can inflict upon a child. Teach him courage in every way possible, and the

fear that he develops naturally will do him no harm. Read to him stories of heroes and brave deeds; above all things, inspire his confidence in God. We fear the results of breaking God's laws, but we should repose such love and confidence in Him, that this fear shall not result in detriment. Then how important it is that a mother inspire a lasting confidence in her child. She must assume the "listening attitude," listening to prevent the telling of scare stories by associates; even scare attitudes. If the child is properly anticipated and prepared, before these scares come to him, they will have little effect upon him.

THE FEAR OF DARK.

The wise mother lets her little ones know that she visits their beds often during the night; she tells them how sweetly they look while they sleep and of the heavenly influence she feels around them; she might say: "Mother will open the window wide to let the lovely star light shine through, and so you can hear the little frogs croak, and the first call of the birds in the morning." One mother, knowing the value of confidence at this age (three to eight), always made it a point, as she tucked them in at night, to make some reassuring remark, as: "The sweet angels love to be near children and be company for them." A child will ask, "Why can't I see the angels?" The reply is easy: "You cannot see heavenly beings with these eyes, but heavenly beings can see you." This answer serves a double purpose—besides satisfying the inquiry, it suggests the glory of heaven, and this leads us to another important cause of fear.

THE FEAR OF DEATH.

Care should be exercised by adults in their conversation in the presence of children, concerning death. Let it not be spoken of as a horror, but as the passing to a beautiful Paradise of Rest. Teach by simple stories, how happily we lived with our heavenly Father in heaven before we came here, and how we shall live with Him again when we leave this earth.

THE FEAR OF STORM

in little children can usually be traced to indiscretion and unwisdom on the part of parents by showing their own nervousness at such times. When a mother has learned self-control, and an abiding trust in the Lord, it is easy for her to cast the same mantle of protection over her child. At the first indication of a storm, let the mother say in an even tone, free from agitation: "Oh! mother must hurry to finish what she is doing so that we

can go together out on the porch to watch the storm." She may then point out the size, shape, color and speed of some moving cloud, and the child will immediately become absorbed in observation, forgetful of fear. Children love true stories, and there is no time so fitting in telling the story of the Creator, as during a storm. Sometimes a child will ask if lightning will not strike people. The reply must be truthful, but can be reassuring, as: "Occasionally, but it won't strike you."

A little roughness is sometimes good in treating unreasoning terror and some cases of hysteria, but in an ordinary case of fear, the child should be reassured by a self-controlled, low-pitched voice, free from agitation, and quiet will be restored. Perhaps the child who is most easily reassured in fear is he who has learned self-control. Teach the child the necessity of frequent repetition of acts that frighten him so that use and custom may dispel the fear.

FEAR OF THE LAW.

A good illustration under this heading, is the expression too often heard—"I'll call the policeman." This expression is equivalent to saying: "I am not able to guide you, my child, I shall have to turn you over to some one who does not understand you as well as I do."

Teach the child that an officer of the law is a person who will protect him, will find him when he is lost, and in case of his going astray, will bring him back to his parents for proper guidance. Teach him to love to obey the law; not fear it.

In teaching a child not to fear, it is necessary also, to teach him

CAUTION.

For example, teach him not to fear water but to learn to swim, also the probable results of remaining in the water too long, caution concerning undertow, holes, swimming too far, etc.

CONCLUSION.

Too many mothers have no time to satisfy the thirsty call of the little six-year-old, for a "true story," and to realize their golden opportunity to teach courage, and the abolishment of fear, by telling such stories of heroes, as: The two thousand young Lamanites—Alma 53:20, 21.

BOOKS FOR MOTHERS.

Book of Mormon, Bible, Increasing Human Efficiency, by Spashore (Psychological).

BOOKS FOR CHILDREN.

Tell Me a True Story, by Mary Stewart; *Kingsley's Water Babies*.

The Cliff Dwellers

Susa Young Gates.

To those who are interested in the prehistoric remains of the ancient peoples of this continent a visit to the cliff dwellings of the Mesa Verde National Park is a revelation. Magnificent scenery, pleasant companionship, delightful traveling to and from the ruins with a series of thrills and enchanting experiences while in the park, made the trip one never to be forgotten.

On the way to Mancos the railroad traverses an exquisitely beautiful canyon between Montrose and Mancos, Colorado. You swing around and about, climb up and leap down for miles and miles over pine and cedar-clad hills and finally you enter deep gorges between high mountains, most of them pine-crowned and some of them snow-topped. The road is so dangerous because of land-slides and water seepage, that no night traveling is permitted, and so you must perforce, go to Telluride for the night. If any mountain vale is more beautiful than the little clefted opening which embraces the tiny mining town of Telluride, 10,000 feet above sea level, this writer has never seen it.

Before you finally start climbing the last 2,000 feet necessary to reach there, you zigzag back and forth in a pocket canyon where the Telluride Power Plant is located. It is said that this is the first power plant in the world and we were pleased to know that it was established by that pioneer engineer, state builder and philanthropist, Mr. L. L. Nunn, who also built the Telluride plant located in Provo canyon.

You loop the loop a number of times, all the time climbing and at last rounding a sharp point, you find yourself on top of a precipice which would make a small Niagara if water were poured over it, but you are not yet on the summit of the mountains which still frown around you and around the little valley which holds the mountain city of Telluride where you find a good hotel and modern accommodations. The next morning you take the car and go descending down the thousands of feet you climbed the day before, until you get to the Telluride Power Plant itself, and then you emerge from that canyon into another. A number of towns are located along the ancient canyon and river-bed and finally you reach Mancos to find friends waiting to take you three miles from the town to the suburb where our people live. Here you hold conference, or rather you assist the presiding Priesthood, who are there holding conference, and enjoy the cordial hospitality of President Halls and his co-workers in that thriving stake of Zion.

Mrs. Bell Salmon Ross and the writer had a most enjoyable conference August 19 and 20, presided over by Elder Rudger Clawson of the Twelve, and Rulon S. Wells, of the First Council of Seventy. At the close of the conference President David A. Halls invited the visitors to join him in a trip over to the cliff dwellers' ruins. The brethren were obliged to return to their homes to meet other appointments, but Mrs. Ross and myself joined President Halls and wife in an automobile ride over one of the most unique and delightful roads ever made on the shoulders of the hills.

There is about three miles of dugway built around the face



SPRUCE TREE HOUSE, WITH KIVA IN CENTER.

of one great mountain which has, at some places, a 20 per cent grade and is never less than 16 per cent grade. The road is an excellent one, made and kept by the Government, for it is enclosed in what is known as the "Mesa Verde National Park." So narrow, however, is the roadway the whole distance of three miles going up the mountain that teams cannot pass. Telephone stations are located at the foot and along up the road as well as at the top thereof, and those who would go must notify the officers of the park prior to starting out always a day in advance, and then the drivers telephone up and down the road. One must wait if there is anyone coming in the opposite direction until the road is quite clear.



CLIFF PALACE.

We had rather fancied that one must ride along on the plains until one came to the foot of the great cliffs, and then climb up to reach the cliff palaces. As a matter of fact, the traveler first climbs to the top of the mountain, going in and out and around and about more times than he ever did in his life before in the same distance and time, and then rides along on the high mesa, a broad, flat tableland with precipitous cliffs descending to the surrounding plain. On the mesa, after traveling between close-set cedar trees and some pines, one comes right out into a little open space and sees the Spruce-tree House Inn. Walking a few steps past the Inn, one is on the edge of a precipice; and right across are the ruins which are called the Spruce-tree House. The canyon ends blindly at the northern extremity. It is wooded with tall cedars and stately spruces, the tops of which in some cases reach from the bed of the canyon to its rim. Spruce-tree House is situated in the eastern side of Spruce-tree Canyon, and is a spur of the Navajo Canyon, which at the side of the ruins is about 150 feet deep with precipitous walls. You naturally go to the wide porch of the Inn and sit down in one of the comfortable rockers so that you may gaze your fill at the first glimpse given you of this ancient and wonder-inspiring ruin. Then, if your party is ready, you begin the climb down the rocky, precipitous, single path, stopping at the Government office to register as you

pass, and then on down and around the bend of the blind canyon; about half way around, there is a spring of delicious, cool water, and, of course, you drink your fill before resuming your journey. There is no danger, and not much effort required, to reach this first ruin, but when you get there you are filled with admiration for the ancient peoples who here entrenched themselves from their predatory foes.

"The Indian legends regarding the inhabitants of the Mesa Verde," says Dr. Jesse Walter Fewkes, the Government official who has been instrumental in restoring and preserving these wonderful ruins to the Government, "are very limited and indistinct. The Utes designate them as the houses of the dead, or Moki, the name commonly applied to the Hopi Indians of Arizona. One of the Ute legends mentions the last battle between the ancient house builders of Montezuma Valley and their ancestors near Battle Rock in which it is said that the cliff dwellers were defeated and turned into fishes.

"Like the majority of cliff dwellings in the Mesa Verde National Park, Spruce-tree House stands in a recess protected above by an overhanging cliff. Its form is crescentic, following that of the cave and extending approximately north and south."

The author has given the number of rooms and their dimen-



CLIFF PALACE.

sions in his report to the Secretary of the Interior (published in the latter's report for 1907-8), from which we make the following quotation:

"The total length of Spruce-tree House was found to be 216 feet, its width at the widest part 89 feet. There were counted in the Spruce-tree House 114 rooms, the majority of which were secular, and 8 ceremonial chambers or kivas. Nordenskiöld numbered 80 of the former and 7 of the latter, but in this count he apparently did not differentiate in the former those of the first, second and third stories. Spruce-tree House was in places three



CLIFF PALACE.

stories high; the third-story rooms had no artificial roof, but the wall of the cave served that purpose. Several rooms, the walls of which are now two stories high, formerly had a third story above the second, but their walls have now fallen, leaving as the only indication of their former union with the cave lines destitute of smoke on the top of the cavern. Of the 114 rooms, at least 14 were uninhabited, being used as storage and mortuary chambers. If we eliminate these from the total number of rooms we have 100 enclosures which might have been dwellings. Allowing four inhabitants for each of these 100 rooms would give about 400 persons as an aboriginal population of Spruce-tree House. But it is probable that this estimate should be reduced, as not all the 100 rooms were inhabited at the same time, there being evidence

that several of them had occupants long after others were deserted. Approximately, Spruce-tree House had a population not far from 350 people, or about 100 more than that of Walpin, one of the best known Hopi pueblos."

"In the rear of the houses are two large recesses used for refuse-heaps or for burial of the dead. From the abundance of guano and turkey bones it is supposed that turkeys were kept in these places for ceremonial or other purposes. Here have been found several desiccated human bodies commonly called mummies.

"The ruin is divided by a street into two sections, the northern and southern, the former being the more extensive. Light is prevented from entering the larger of these recesses by rooms which reach the roof of the cave. In front of these rooms are circular subterranean rooms called *kivas*, which are sunken below the surrounding level places, or plazas, the roofs of these *kivas* having been formerly level with the plazas.

"The front boundary of these plazas is a wall which when the excavations were begun was buried under debris of fallen walls, but which formerly stood several feet above the level of the plazas."

You might be surprised to know that these ruins contain plazas and courts, balconies, circular rooms and *kivas*; the *kiva* being always a circular subterranean room, supposed to be ceremonial room, all of them having a fire-hole with an upright slab of rock, or a narrow, thin wall of masonry placed between the fire-place and the wall of the *kiva*. There were circular rooms other than *kivas*—a mortuary room, lodge house, stairways, refuse-heaps, opening upon the main street, while many minor antiquities were found when these ruins were first opened by the famous Dr. Fewkes. They were discovered as late as 1888, but Dr. Fewkes did not go there until 1891. Since this he has performed a colossal labor in uncovering these ruins and restoring many of their unique and interesting features.

Our small party reached the ruins about the same time with nearly 70 sightseers who came from Mancos, all in automobiles. The Methodist Episcopal conference had just closed, the evening before in Mancos, and they had been honored with the presence of Bishop Eugene Hendrix who presides over that diocese. He himself was in the party. President Halls knew some of the ministers in Mancos and introduced members of our party to those with whom he was acquainted.

It was to laugh when one minister was introduced to the writer with the added explanation that she was a daughter of Brigham Young.

"Would you pardon me," said the minister hesitatingly, "what number of child were you?"

"I really do not know," I replied smilingly, "my father had

fifty-six living children, ten of them dying in infancy. Out of the forty-six I am one, but I haven't the remotest idea just where I belong in the line."

The shocked expression which stole over the ministerial features gave way to another glance of eager inquiry.

"What number of wife was your mother?" he inquired gently.

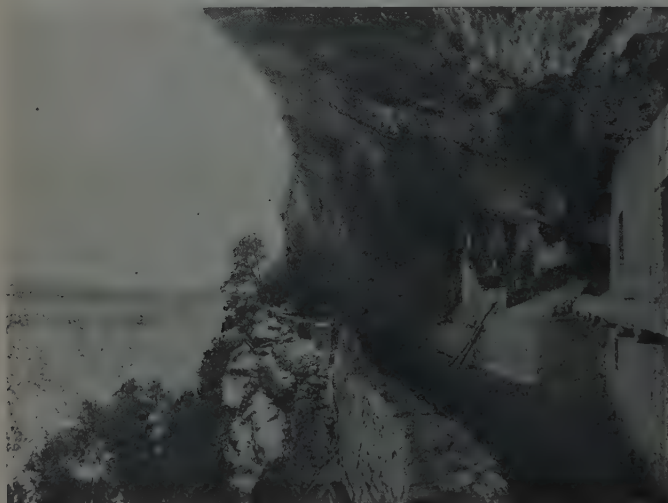
"I am as little able to answer that question as the first one," I laughed.

Consternation reigned.

"Didn't you mother know?" he asked.

"Not that I ever heard of. I don't think she ever counted, and I am sure I never did, although I am the genealogist of the family. We all lived together in the same house when we were children, and I can't recall any of the wives stating what number they were, or any of the children figuring out just where we belonged. We loved each other and our mothers and we adored father. I never heard one of my father's wives quarrel with another wife in my life. I never heard a disrespectful word spoken to my father or about him by any member of his family. He was a very great man, and an ideal father and husband."

All day long we heard remnants of this conversation as we passed groups of the party, in going about the ruins, but everyone with whom we came in contact treated us with respect and con-



BALCONY HOUSE.

sideration, a very different attitude of mind from what some of us knew a quarter of a century ago.

From the Spruce-tree House we still went on the mesas to the Balcony House. This is said to be the most difficult ruin to reach. In one place there is a ladder to climb, set against the face of a rock, about 30 feet high; one must climb the face of the rock itself, placing the feet in steps cut into the rock; but we succeeded all right and enjoyed the wonderful view from the Balcony House. It is without question, the most artistic and



DETAIL OF BALCONY HOUSE.

beautifully located ruin of them all. The breast-high walk guards the outer edge of the precipice. Here one can stand and gaze in awe at the wild majesty of the gorge below, and at the mesas and mountains falling and rising across the canyon.

The next ruin to claim our attention was the Cliff Palace, which is so extensive and elaborate as to merit the name of palace, given by its discoverers.

We next went by auto to the Sun Temple which, unlike the others, is built on top of the mesa. The theory of the discoverer is that it was intended as a temple or house of worship. The floor bears a symbol resembling a sun. There are three massive circular wall rooms, two in the main plaza and one in the annex.

There are many rooms, entered from the roofs. Beside these three kivas, none of the rooms could be entered except through the roof, which seems to indicate secrecy and mystery in permitting only the initiated to enter. Unlike the other ruins which have been constructed in a more or less haphazard fashion, one building patched on to another, the Sun Temple is definitely planned; its walls are very extensive and the dressing of the stones is very carefully done. The discoverer, Dr. Fewkes, says:

"Those who made it must have belonged to several clans fused together, and if they united for this common work, they were in a higher state of sociological development than a loosely connected population of a dwelling.

"In primitive society only one purpose could have united the several clans who built such a structure, and this purpose must have been a religious one. This building was constructed for worship, and its size is such that we may practically call it a temple."

A tree was cut down near the summit of the highest wall which undoubtedly sprouted after the desertion of the building and which had grown after a mound had developed from the fallen walls. This tree had 360 annual rings which would indicate that it began to grow shortly after the year 1540, when Coronado first entered New Mexico.

We next retraced our steps and rode back to the Spruce-tree House Inn. There are other ruins, but we did not attempt to visit them. Our party learned that Dr. Fewkes was at the ruins. He is the famous discoverer and lecturer, who had had charge of the ruins under the Government for twenty-five years, and who is now engaged in uncovering another mound which, like the Sun Temple mound covers an ancient temple or ruin. We learned he intended giving a brief lecture to the ministerial party, and we were very glad to join in the courtesy. We found Dr. Fewkes some miles from Spruce-tree House Inn busy with his men and teams, hauling out the red sand soil from the new ruin referred to.

Gathering under the shade of the cedar trees, at the edge of the mesa, on the brow of another canyon gorge, we listened while Dr. Fewkes explained to us something of the purpose and plan of these ancient cliff dwellers. He told us that the building he was uncovering was much older than the Sun Temple. He described to us some of the habits and customs of the Indians, suggesting that the Hopi Indians were probably their descendants. He sketched vividly the probable life and activity of this prehistoric people. Among other things he stated that he himself had lived among the Hopi Indians in order to study their tribal language, and thus to reach the root of their traditions and habits and customs. He said they possessed, in common with the Mexican Indians, a belief in the return of the Fair God who would come to

redeem His people. When he first went among the Indians to dwell they thought he might be this Fair God. How strange that men will hear such traditions and not connect them with the Book of Mormon!

After the party broke up, I took the liberty of addressing Dr. Fewkes and told him who I was, offering to send him a Book of Mormon. He thanked me cordially, and said that he had just come into possession of a copy of that Book, given to him by one of his workmen who is a member of our Church. He added that he was reading it carefully and attentively.

On our return, our own little party camped out in the mountains a few hours because of a broken auto axle, and had a delightful visit around the camp-fire while we were being rescued from our comfortable plight. The return journey on the train to Montrose found our party in company with the ministerial party, who were returning at the same time, and we enjoyed a very delightful, occasional visit with the genial and learned bishop who could not forget that I could not remember what number of wife my mother was in my father's family. The gentleman had met one of my brothers twenty years ago, and was very liberal and interested in all that we told him concerning our religion and our people. Such, then, is the chronicle of a delightful visit to one of the most remarkable ruins of ancient America.



SUN TEMPLE. WITH KIVAS.

Home Science Department.

Janette A. Hyde.

PREPAREDNESS.

Since the organization of our Church, and more especially after coming to Utah, our people have been taught the necessity of preparedness, not in the exact war sense, as it is taught today, but in a sense of a general preparation for life in all its phases.

One of the first steps toward material preparedness was made by President Brigham Young when he advised each family, in securing land, to take up enough to allow a small portion for a kitchen garden. The culture of this would teach thrift, and give a general knowledge of the soil and climatic conditions. A most important point, however, was that a kitchen garden would produce the amount necessary for the family to consume, not only during the growing and productive period, but for the winter season, as well. I wonder if we have forgotten the early training, and if we are drifting into careless habits, thinking perhaps that canning factories, packing houses, etc., will be able to supply us with ready prepared foods! Are we coming to be known as a people who live from cans and paper bags, saying, perhaps, "it is cheaper," yet, forgetting the effect it has upon our home life? Are we forgetting, too, that the boys and girls are not receiving the early training necessary to equip them for better husbands and better wives? One of the greatest joys of a real house wife and mother is to stock the winter larder with delicious fruits and vegetables for family use. We should always ask ourselves this question: "What is the most economical and best method of supplying the family with prepared foods?" After careful investigation, we will find that the home dried, canned, and preserved fruits and vegetables are the most profitable to the frugal house-mother.

Let us not lose the precious inheritance of our mothers and grandmothers, and let us add to these the new methods furnished us by the Agricultural Colleges of the country and by our own Home Science Department.

Europe has demonstrated to American people what it means to be prepared on the food question, both in times of peace and of war. But we can do no better than to follow the early teachings of our Church, on the subject.

RECIPE FOR CRYSTALLIZED FRUITS AND VEGETABLES.

In the preparation of the crystalized fruit, great care must be exercised in securing fruit that is a little under-ripe. Choose the smaller sizes of fruit for this purpose. The following varieties are really better for this purpose: pears, white cling-stone peaches, and French prunes. Such vegetables as young carrots, tender stocks of celery, and small tomatoes are delicious additions.

Peel the fruit and vegetables, and prick them with a darning needle, making several incisions that the flavor of spices, etc., may penetrate to the core. Put fruit over the fire and cook in a very weak syrup of one teacup of sugar to a pint of water. Allow three pints of water to a peck of fruit, putting in a little fruit at a time, till all is used. This prevents sticking and scorching, and the overcooking of fruit.. When the fruit is just barely cooked through, remove and place in earthen jar. Allow three-quarters of a pound of sugar to a pound of fruit, the juice of two lemons and one-half teacup of good white vinegar. Mix vinegar, lemon juice, and sugar, and pour the cold mixture over the hot fruit. Let stand over night. In the morning, re-heat the whole, adding to the juices, etc., a dozen whole cloves, a dozen allspice, a teaspoonful whole white mustard seed, a teaspoonful coreander seed, and 10 cents worth of crystallized ginger root. Boil for 10 or 15 minutes. Take the fruit from the syrup, place on platters in warm oven until the outside of the fruit is coated over, or has a dried appearance. Return the fruit to the jar, and pour over it the boiling hot syrup, which contains the spices, etc. Seal, and put away for use.

Prunes and plums, may be treated in the same way, with the exception of searing the skin over in the oven, which is not necessary on account of the outside condition of the fruit. Prunes are delicious if pitted when ready to serve, and filled with pecan and walnut meats.

These fruits are not only delicious, but make the most beautiful ornamental dishes one could possibly imagine, for table decorations. Arrange in a cut glass bowl the beautiful peaches, pears with stems, crab-apples, plums stuffed with nuts, and here and there a young carrot, with a little green top, as well as a tiny stock of celery, and they will serve as a really decorative center piece for a holiday dinner table.

Notes from the Field.

Amy Brown Lyman, General Secretary.

COTTONWOOD STAKE.—The Cottonwood stake held a very successful bazaar on August 30 and 31. Each of the twelve wards provided a booth and sold food articles, the proceeds going to the ward. The stake board sold articles donated by the business houses, provided for and conducted a cafeteria, and presented a tableaux play with special orchestra music. The funds raised by the stake board were given to the ward organizations averaging \$25 to each ward. A children's dance was given in the afternoon



TABLEAU OF COTTONWOOD STAKE WORKERS.

on the second day, free of charge, and a baby show was conducted at which fifty-two babies under one year were exhibited. Each baby received a small prize, and the winner a special prize. The proceeds from the stake and wards amounted to near \$1,000, and will be used for charity. We congratulate this energetic young stake on this excellent and profitable undertaking.

HEARTY RESPONSE TO A CALL.—A call recently came to the General Board from the temple authorities, asking for seven hundred yards of carpet—one hundred yards for the Salt Lake temple and six hundred yards for the Logan temple. The following stakes were asked to contribute this carpet: Alpine, 100 yards; Utah, 100 yards; Nebo, 100 yards; Juab, 100 yards; Box Elder, 100 yards; Wasatch, 100 yards; North Davis, 50 yards, and South Davis, 50 yards. It is gratifying to report that, as usual, the request was responded to with a sweet spirit of willing-promptitude, and the carpet has already been received at the temples. The temple authorities and the General Board appreciate this generosity on the part of these stakes, and we take this opportunity to thank them publicly for their hearty response to our invitation.

AN ESTIMATE OF "MORMON" WOMEN.—In a recent issue of the *Beach Mirror*, published at Long Beach, California, Mrs. Myra Kingman Miller, a gifted author of that city, in an article on "The 'Mormon' of Today," speaks enthusiastically of the "Mormon" women and their work. Mrs. Miller met a number of our women at a convention in California, during the great fair, and later she visited in Salt Lake City. She says: "Raised to think that the 'Mormons' were a grade worse than the heathens, you may well imagine the writer's surprise to find that after intimate association with a group of women at a great international convention for some weeks, admiring their personality, their accomplishments, their broad-mindedness, on matters of general and national interest, that they were 'Mormons.' It was a test of poise to keep the shock hidden from public notice, but then and here a decision was made to visit the lion in his den, to see and study first hand these women and conditions that created so much criticism, and at the same time were so charitable, so thorough, so conscientious and so likeable.

* * * "These 'Mormón' women have been a big factor in the building of this great city of Salt Lake, which was described in a previous chapter, for they are home-makers first of all. They are bright, lovable, intelligent women, above the average. They are loyal, conservative, alert, industrious, frugal, competent, and charitable. They are self-sacrificing, generous, happy, peaceful, contented; women of high standards of morals, of large intellects, and deep thinkers, and they are giving to the world some of her most prominent business and professional men, some of her happiest homes, and some of her most talented sons and daughters. God bless these women, true to convictions, through trials and tribulations, through joys and comforts. May their like increase."

NORTH WEBER STAKE.—All Relief Society workers will re-

gret to learn of the resignation of Mrs. Georgina G. Marriott as President of the North Weber Stake Relief Society. Mrs. Marriott is a woman of rare intelligence and ability, and was particularly active and energetic in her labors in connection with this position. We take comfort in the thought that although the Society has lost an efficient officer, Mrs. Marriott is still a loyal member of the organization, and will always give us the best that is in her in the way of interest and support. The new stake officers pay the following tribute to Mrs. Marriott: "The North Weber Stake Relief Society sustained a great loss in the resignation of Mrs. Georgina G. Marriott as stake president, and at the first monthly officers' meeting, which occurred after her withdrawal, a testimonial was tendered her. We were especially favored with the presence of our beloved General President, Mrs. Emmeline B. Wells, her counselors, Mrs. Clarissa S. Williams, and Mrs. Julina L. Smith, Mrs. Ida S. Dusenberry and Mrs. Annie Wells Cannon; also two members of the stake presidency, the stake clerk, members of the high council, and several bishops.

"An enjoyable program was rendered and refreshments served.

"All who were asked to speak testified to the sterling qualities of Mrs. Marriott and expressed their regrets in losing such an energetic, faithful and intelligent worker as she had proven herself to be.

"Mrs. Marriott was presented with a fountain pen and a cut glass vase filled with flowers. She has been actively engaged in Relief Society work for many years, and officially so since the organization of the stake, in 1908. She has been untiring in her efforts for the advancement of the Relief Society cause in the stake, and the community at large. She was not discriminating in the kind of work she did, so long as others were benefited. She served others because she enjoyed the blessed spirit of helpfulness and found it a part of her nature to be of use in every possible manner to those it was her pleasure to help on in the world."

At the re-organization of the stake, Mrs. Lucy A. Steers was made president, with Mrs. Julia E. Parry, as first counselor, Mrs. Annie L. Middleton as second counselor, and Mrs. Mary A. Terry secretary.

BANNOCK STAKE has recently been re-organized. Mrs. Julia A. Pond, who has been such a faithful and diligent president, found herself obliged to retire from her arduous labors. She certainly carried with her the love and good wishes of all her associate workers.

The new officers are: President, Gwynnie Redford; first counselor, Katherine Sorenson; second counselor, Sarah M. Mc-

Clelland; secretary, Agnes Lloyd; chorister, May Barrett; organist, Emily Sorenson.

BOX ELDER STAKE.—In the Box Elder stake, during the past year, some very successful teachers' conventions have been held in the various wards. The programs have consisted of talks and papers on the work and duties of teachers, interspersed with musical numbers. After the programs, refreshments have been served, and a social hour indulged in. These conventions have been helpful to the general work and an incentive for better service. A paper on "The Mission of the Relief Society Teacher," prepared and read at a recent convention, was exceptionally interesting and inspiring.

UTAH STAKE.—The Utah Stake Relief Society Teachers' department is making a special effort to gather a greater amount of wheat this year than has every been gathered before in any one year. The teachers have been organized and instructed to make a special visit to every house with a hope of securing at least one bushel of wheat, or the value of one bushel, in cash, from each family in the stake.

Relief Society meetings have been held in all the wards on an appointed Sunday evening when one or more members of the stake board spoke on the history and importance of wheat storing.

In connection with the subject of wheat, the teachers are also discussing and promoting the Penny Subscription Fund.

From a report of the Home Economics section of the Relief Society of this stake we learn that all the wards in the stake have followed the outline as given in the *MAGAZINE*, and in addition the stake held a Home Economics convention, in Provo, at the Brigham Young University, in February. This convention consisted of three sessions, with eight hundred members in attendance. In March, workers from the extension department of the Agricultural College visited Provo with their special train, and in connection with the inspection at the station, lectures were given at the Central School by Mrs. Gertrude McCheyne and Mrs. Margaret Hull Eastman, under the auspices of the Stake Relief Society. Three hundred women attended these lectures.

NEW ZEALAND. Mrs. Horace C. Holbrook has just reached New Zealand where she expects to do missionary work in connection with her husband. She has written for copies of the *Magazine* in order to put the Society there in close touch with the work at home.

Current Topics.

James H. Anderson.

BREADSTUFFS in the United States continue to go up in price and down in quantity on hand.

PEACE talk is forbidden in Germany by putting in jail those who engage in it freely. The treatment doubtless is effective.

WOMEN'S SKIRTS, of ankle length and less flaring, is the promise of fashion leaders; this is at least an extension of the covering factor, for which we are thankful.

SALT LAKE CITY's taxes, for 1916, are the highest in history. A notable effect of the present system of assessing and levying taxes is to increase unnecessarily the home-owner's burden.

UTAH troops, or at least a large portion of them, are being permitted to return home from the Mexican border. They had no war experience.

ELECTION SUCCESS this fall is claimed by both the great national political parties, but the contest appears to be so close that it will take November 7 to decide.

STATISTICS given out by the leading nations in Europe would indicate greater prosperity there than before the present war began. Seems like whistling to keep up courage.

PRIVATE BANKS in Chicago are having a hard time of it, ten having failed during the month of September. Their proprietors have ceased to boast of good times.

CHINA was the scene of disastrous floods in September, many thousands of square miles of country being inundated, and more than two million people rendered homeless.

CONGRESS came to the end of its session in September. It was not the longest session on record, but bears the palm as the most costly to the national exchequer.

INTERURBAN rail extension from Utah County into Sanpete County via Nephi, Juab County, is now promised in connection

with the electric lines which reach from Preston, Idaho, to Payson, Utah.

I. W. W. MEMBERS to the number of 627 were fined in a Pennsylvania town, in one day, in September, the charge being disorderly conduct. All were sent to jail to work out their sentences.

CATERPILLAR TRACTORS in war are pronounced a success by the British, who have them, and are declared a failure by the Germans, against whom they are used ; it is whether you take an inside or an outside view.

"MORMONS" in Mexico find at least one benefit from the presence of American troops there, because the "Mormon" settlers are being protected in the possession of their homes and in the cultivation of their crops.

TURKEY has consented at last for the Red Cross Society to give aid to starving people in Syria. Doubtless Turkey realized that unless she opened the door to humanitarian assistance somebody else would open it for him.

FRANCISCO VILLA, Mexican revolutionist and bandit, recently attacked the city of Chihuahua, then retired to the mountains to prepare for other incursions. The incident further indicates that the Mexican problem is far from being settled.

BLACKMAILERS who have been using threats of exposure under the Mann white slavery act to extort money from rich men have been arrested in Chicago. The prevalent idea is that the victims could not have been wholly above suspicion of being subject to the exposure.

LOVE on the part of a wife for her husband has been held by the Utah Supreme Court to be a valid consideration in conveying property. Evidently those judges are typical Utahns, who place a practical value on the guid wife's affection for her helpmate.

VICE in a consolidated district in Salt Lake City has aroused such a protest that the plan to effect this again has been abandoned. The fact that the vice elemnt is there to be consolidated, readily gives the impression that Salt Lake is not such a "clean town" after all.

AIR RAIDS by German zeppelins continue to do much damage in England, both in the destruction of property and in taking

lives of non-combatants; but the English are making a better defense than heretofore by bringing down the raiders with powerful aircraft guns.

ANNIE WELLS CANNON, of the Pioneer Stake Relief Society, has been selected as candidate for state senator on the Republican ticket in Salt Lake county. The distinction came to her as a result of the excellent record which she made as a legislator in the Utah assembly two years ago.

LABOR-UNION leaders in New York counted on having at least 800,000 workingmen out on strike the last week in September, but failed to get one-fourth of that number. Yet even that number shows what great danger threatens should the unions be used as means to get unlawful power and gain.

GREECE at last has been driven to join the Entente allies, the final aggressive act which compelled the movement being Bulgaria's seizure of the Greek port of Kavala and the sending of a large division of Greek soldiers to Germany as prisoners. Every race in Europe is now actually engaged in war.

RUMANIA entered the European war, but is finding the Teutons no mean foe. However, the action of Rumania opens a way for Russia to battle for Constantinople from the west, and foreshadows that when Turkish dismemberment comes, Syria probably will come under the dominion of Great Britain—a nation in which there is a large share of the blood of Israel, thereby superseding the Gentile Turk in Palestine.

PRESIDENTIAL TICKET candidates visited Utah the last week in September, J. Frank Hanley, prohibitionist for president, Ira Landrith, on the same ticket for vice-president, and Charles W. Fairbanks, candidate on the Republican ticket for vice-president. all making speeches in Utah at that time. It is easy to see that Utah may be a pivotal State in the November election.

THE SOMME, a department in northern France, of which the Germans have held the greater portion for two years past, has been for three months the scene of the fiercest and most costly battle in history, covering the same period of time. The result thus far is that the British and French armies have almost cleared the department of German forces, which have been driven back to within fifty miles of the Franco-Belgian frontier. The Teutonic sweep to the west and south in France seems to be definitely checked.

Mothers in Israel.

Autobiography of Mary A. S. Winters.
(Continued.)

FIRST SUNDAY SCHOOL IN THE CHURCH.

One Sunday morning early in June, 1844, I was at meeting in the grove east on Mulholland street, when Brother Joseph arose and said he wanted all the children that could, to bring their testaments and hymn books and meet there the next Sabbath and have a Sunday School. He said, "I don't know as I will be here—I will if I can, but Brother Stephen Goddard will be here and take charge of you, won't you Brother Goddard?" Brother Goddard assented, and then Brother Joseph called for teachers and a number volunteered. He spoke at some length on the importance of this move, and as far as I know this was the first Sunday School in the history of the Church. I attended the next Sabbath and my teacher was Sister Clara Chase. I cannot remember of meeting but twice in the Sunday School when those awful days came that terminated in the martyrdom of Brother Joseph and Hyrum Smith—and oh, the horror and gloom and heartaches and trials of those days. The very atmosphere was so oppressive that it seemed difficult to breathe. Everything seemed to stand still and with such an awful stillness and everyone seemed looking to another for some help, and to know *what to do* in their awful extremity. Many imagined that Brother Joseph's life could not be taken and the shock to them was doubly great—and all were looking for a message from somewhere, and it came in due time. Our Prophet and Patriarch were gone—and the weight of the Church rested on the *body* of the Church—and right bravely and unflinchingly did they hold it for the time being—faithfully trusting in the promise that God's Kingdom had come to stay, and would not be broken up, though the headlight was obscured and the darkness was profound.

Brother Pratt on his mission in the Eastern States was impressed by the Holy Spirit to return home to Nauvoo—and while on the canal boat heard the sad news of the tragedy that had been enacted, and tells of the oppression and gloom that pervaded his heart though so far away from the scene of sorrow, and before he was aware of what had transpired. He hastened onward, and a few days later—just as the sun appeared over the eastern prairies, he coming from that direction, opened the door and walked into the dining-room unannounced and unlooked for, the

surprise being like an electric shock—and truly he brought the sunlight of the Holy Spirit with him—faith, hope, courage and strength—cheer to press onward undaunted. The burden seemed lifted, for he came with the power of the Holy Priesthood, and the light of revelation that had been given him for the occasion, and the hearts of the faithful turned from their sorrow to the upholding and sustaining of the work that our beloved Prophet and Patriarch had laid down their lives as a sacrifice for. Each day as he met in council with Brothers Richards and Taylor he brought us fresh words of encouragement, and soon Brother Brigham, Brother Kimball and the others arrived, each filled with the spirit of their calling and were a mighty phalanx in the cause of righteousness, and through the gloom could be plainly felt, the rod of iron was there, and the majority took strong hold and walked firmly on even unto the end of their days on the earth.

I was at the great meeting when the mantle of Brother Joseph rested upon Brother Brigham until his whole being seemed changed and his voice was like that of the Prophet. The people around me, rising to their feet to get a better chance to hear and see, I and my little companion of the day, Julia Felshaw, being small of stature, stood upon the benches that we, too, might behold the wonderful transformation, and *I know* that from that time on the power of that change remained with Brother Brigham Young as long as he lived on the earth. The faithful and honest hearted were quick to discern the right and took up the armor of the Gospel anew, rallied round the faithful Brigham whose right leadership had been plainly shown to them, and went to work with renewed zeal to whatever he pointed out to do. The Temple was hurried on to completion. The songs of the earnest workers as they tugged at the ropes, pulling up the heavy stones to the top of the building were cheering and inspiring as they floated out on the morning air—and all seemed to work with a new interest at whatever the duties of the day called forth, thus fulfilling the saying that the blood of the martyrs is the seed of the Church. And how little the people of the world can know of the power of the Gospel, for the things of God can only be discerned by the Spirit of God. And oh, the anticipation of the blessings to be received when the Temple was completed! Every soul was nerved to greater effort and the memory of our martyred Prophets was a constant incentive to greater faithfulness on the part of their followers, that they might be worthy to meet them in the world to come. And oh, those two names—Joseph and Hyrum, that were so inseparably connected that one did not seem perfect without the presence of the other—they had lived together and had died together, and their memory was enshrined in the hearts of the people to remain there throughout eternity. They have ever been inseparable connected in my mind even as twins,

and the wisdom of our Heavenly Father is plainly manifest in taking them both together. Of all that has been spoken and written concerning them for good, the half can never be told, of the wonderful work the Lord appointed for them to do, and made them equal to the magnitude thereof, and it remains only for the rest to fill their missions in like manner, according to their calling, and be prepared for the joys of a well-earned place in our Father's Kingdom. Oh, how my heart rejoices over the faithful, and I constantly want to bear testimony of the many faithful ones that I have been acquainted with and associated with in this kingdom and the Holy Spirit bears testimony to me that they will be accepted of our Father as jewels in his crown. And oh, how I pray and trust that their posterity will hold on to the faith of their progenitors and not stray too far from the fold, and all be gathered in at the last day. And while I rejoice over the faithful, I also sympathize with the erring, for I know full well the sorrow they will experience when their eyes are open to see the wrongs they have done—and the spirit of repentance brings to their minds their lost opportunities of their progress and advancement in the Kingdom of God. When the Temple was far enough completed to begin giving endowments my Pa and Ma were of the first company to receive those blessings. Each had a special and individual invitation to attend those services and it was the first time for women to receive such blessings in a Temple in this dispensation—though some had received endowments in other places previous to this time. My Pa and Ma had been sealed for eternity before the Prophet's death—Brother Hyrum performing the sealing. My mother was sealed first as proxy for her husband's first wife, Thankful—then she was sealed for herself and after that gave to her husband Sister Elizabeth Brotherton for a third wife—all sealed at the same time. This was told to me upon their return home the day that it occurred, and I believed it as much as if I had seen it with my own eyes—and those who assert that endowments were not given in the Prophet's day, tell what they want to be so, and not what they know to be true, for I here bear testimony that I ironed the garments that my Pa wore, previous to the Prophet's death, and I know this is so. I went in the Temple many times during the beginning of the winter of the year 1846 and became quite familiar with the ordinances of the Holy House, but I ever kept them sacred as I had when I received for my own individual person.

At the homes of the Saints all were busy preparing for the great journey into the wilderness that was to begin as soon as the weather would permit.

It was on the 14th of February, 1846, that our teams crossed the Mississippi and started westward—six big emigrant wagons, or three-seated carriages, and a one-horse wagon—the latter ac-

accompanied by my mother and her family, with little Parley driving old Dick. Mother had arranged her wagon quite comfortably. Grandfather Frost had made some chests to fit the wagon in which were packed all that it was wisdom to take with us and on which our bed was made, and we had a place in front to sit and ride. The most of our provisions were in the big wagon, but mother had a goodly supply cooked and along with us ready for immediate use and which we children commenced calling for as soon as we had got fairly started. After crossing the river on the ferry boat it commenced snowing, and as we traveled along we passed camp after camp of the Saints just by the roadside—sitting round the camp-fire with the snow coming down in great flakes and melting under their feet—women and children with damp and drabbled clothing—men wading round caring for the cattle that were to be their propellers to a place of safety—mothers trying to prepare food for their families over the blazing log heaps, a sight fit to daunt the stoutest heart, but no—every one of our acquaintances that we greeted in passing had a cheering word and a smiling countenance, one of which I must make mention. Mother McArthur, 60 years old, was seated by her camp-fire with an umbrella over her head and the bread pan in her lap, making some of her good biscuits—Father McArthur standing close by, fixing the fire and the bake kettle—this sight brought the tears to our eyes, but she cheerily called out, "Won't you stay to dinner?" and as our train passed on she, with smiling face said, "We'll overtake you before long." Such is the heroism of the women of "Mormondom," but words would fail to tell it all and we can only look for the record of it in the archives above.

After passing on a few miles we camped at Mother Gee's place—Pa Pratt joking by telling her we would "eat our own bread and wear our own apparel" if we might be permitted to camp on her farm. We had been acquainted with her family in Kirtland, and the request was cordially granted. Brother Gee had died some time before, but she and her family still occupied the home farm. Mother's baby, Moroni, had the croup quite badly this night, so she stayed in the house with him and nursed him up, and he was soon over it and well again. After three days we moved on a mile and a half and camped in a large, new log granary with a bin of corn in one end, and a nice lot of potatoes in the cellar, of which the owner told us to help ourselves, so we feasted on parched corn and hulled corn and roasted potatoes, as only people camping out could do. There were besides my mother, six other wives and two babies, Brother Rogers, wife and two children, Uncle William Pratt and Brother Whitaker as teamsters, Parley Jr., Olivia, Moroni and myself, making quite a patriarchal family to be looked after. When we had been out in camp a week, Pa Pratt decided to return to Nauvoo to get some

fittings for the wagons that would be needed on the long journey. As he was going in the carriage he told mother she could go too, and see her parents and sister once more before they returned to their home in Maine, where their only son had urged them to come, instead of taking the long journey into the wilderness, and which they had been counseled to do on account of their great age, and the hardships they would have to meet. Accordingly, mother took Moroni with her, expecting to return the same day, but as the blacksmiths were busy Pa could not get his irons for a day or two, and told mother she had better stay till he would come back in a day or two for them.

The weather had been growing cold for some days—the next day was colder and the third day when Pa arrived at the river it was so full of mush-ice that the ferry boats could not run and he returned to camp, bringing this word. The cold still increasing the river froze over, but the ice was not strong enough to bear up a man on a horse, and for two weeks all communication between Nauvoo and Iowa was cut off. Mother was in Nauvoo—Ollie and I were in camp. We slept in our wagon and it was so cold that Sister Phebe Pratt who slept with us, frosted her feet.

A War Time Reminder

We present to our readers the photograph of Mrs. Laura Anna Myers, now Mrs. A. W. McConahay, of Van Wert, Ohio. She is the mother of our well-known and popular jeweler, W. M. McConahay, of this city.

When a very young girl Mrs. McConahay saw her friends and associates embark on that awful struggle between the North and the South. As the troops were leaving her own home town of Greenup, Kentucky, a state and town that were about evenly divided between the North and the South, she presented the Stars and Stripes to the company with the following speech. Just now it is especially interesting, as war topics fill the air.

Flag presentation speech to a company of the tenth Ky. Cavalry, recruited at Greenup by Captain Jacob Nelson, August 21, 1862.

By Mrs. A. P. McConahay.

SOLDIERS: In behalf of the citizens of Greenup, I stand here today to tell you how sad we feel at parting with husbands, brothers, and sons. How lonely we will be without you! How

much we will miss your kind faces, and manly forms—by the fireside, in the church and everywhere! Hearts of mothers, wives, and sisters will grow sad and faint for your return. and yet, soldiers, we send you forth with prayers and blessings, even with heartfelt pride. Ye are our noble kin. We need not exhort you to a love of country. which even now beams in every eye before me, and shows itself by your noble resolve to die in its defense. We need not tell you to be brave, for we feel that no true son of Kentucky can be a coward. I know your hearts burn with generous and patriotic emotions. May the thoughts of the honored dead, whose bones now lie mingled with the soil of every state, fallen in the great struggle for American Liberty and



MRS. W. MCCONAHAY.

their immortal leader, teach you to emulate them in all that is pure, noble, and brave. God in his wisdom has transmitted to us this great and good Government with all its estimable blessings which our fathers, through many years of hardship and destitution, fought to establish. In an hour of folly and madness and blind ambition its destruction has been sought, and an attempt made to sever it from that Union by which alone its existence is made sure. Soldiers, we look to you to guard and defend it. Go forth to your country's call, full of faith and reliance in that

God who watched over and protected your fathers in the hour of battle and great trial. and it shall again stand forth in the strength of its manhood, full of its original spirit, stretching forth its protecting arm to all friends who gather around it, growing brighter and brighter, stronger and stronger, until beneath its genial influence all nations shall love the emblem and symbol of Freedom. In behalf of the citizens of Greenup, I have the honor to present this banner, and to you as the representative of this noble band of patriots and soldiers, I will say.—Take this banner. may it wave

“Proudly o’er the good and brave—
When the battle’s distant wail,
Breaks the silence of our vale;
When the clarion’s music thrills
To the heart of these lone hills;

“When the spear in conflict shakes
And the strong lance shivering breaks.

* * * * *

“Take thy banner, and beneath
The war clouds encircling wreath
Guard it ’till your homes are free;
Guard it—God will prosper thee
In the dark and trying hour;
In the breaking forth of power,
In the midst of steed and men,
His right hand will shield you then

* * * * *

“Take thy banner, but when night
Closes round the ghostly fight
Of the vanquished warrior, bow,
Spare him by our holy vow,
By our prayers and many tears
By the mercy that endears—
Spare him, as you would be spared.

* * * * *

“Take thy banner, and if e’er
Thou should’s’t press the soldier’s bier—
And the muffled drum should beat
To the sound of mournful feet,
Then this spangled flag may be
Martial cloak and shroud for thee.”

EDITORIAL

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Motto—Charity Never Faileth.

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THE CHURCH MILITANT.

Preparedness We hear a great deal about preparedness today.
a Tenet of The Church militant is always in favor of pre-
the Church. paredness. And who can deny that the Church
of Christ is always the Church Militant. Life
is motion, activity, growth, expansion. Death is stagnation, in-
action, passivity, contraction. All growth is aggressive. If the
individual, the nation, the Church, would grow and develop there
must be activity, aggressiveness, preparedness. The Savior
drove out the money-changers with a stinging whip. He forgave
His enemies, and He was called the Prince of Peace—but He
Himself said He came not to bring peace, but a sword. He
knew that peace was possible, to the individual and to the nation,
only through struggle, strife of forces, and the final achievement
of righteousness. When the Prophet Joseph Smith was with us,
one of his proudest titles was General of the Nauvoo Legion.
Brigham Young sent a corps of brave soldier boys out into the
mountain fastnesses to protect his people and their homes, in
1857. He charged them to shed no blood except in self-defense,
and summed up the situation in these pregnant words: "Boys,
say your prayers, and keep your powder dry."

**Peace, Peace,
Where There
is no Peace..**

The cry of peace, peace, sounds throughout the world, when war is raging everywhere. We want peace, we strive to put our individual selves in harmony with divine and human law, so that we can be at peace. Our nation is at peace, but why should anyone want to go to war with us? We are too far away from Europe, too near the Mexicans. But we *should be* prepared, and well prepared, too, to guard our country's honor and the lives of her people. We want honorable peace; but not peace at any price.

**We Must be
Prepared.**

When a burglar enters your bedroom, you'll be mighty glad if your husband has a pistol handy and uses it, if necessary, to protect you and your home. If you live in a quarrelsome neighborhood, and your husband has occasion to go out on the street while there is a melee in progress, you will be glad your husband has means of defense, and be sure the quarreling neighbors will know if he has it, and will avoid attacking him as he passes by. No true woman enjoys association with cowardly men. She despises white-livered, mealy-mouthed apologizers, who not only turn their third cheek for assaults, but make doormats of themselves for their assailants. We want peace—but the conditions must be right before we can ever expect to achieve peace. This nation is at peace—not because any certain man or set of men have arranged it that way—but because of our isolation, our youth, because we "spanked" Spain in the Cuban war, and set her down so hard that the rattling of her teeth resounded all over Europe—but above all, because the Lord so wills it. Moreover, Latter-day Saints ought to know why this nation is not at war. Read your Book of Mormon.

**What if War
Should Come?**

Well, war is not the worst calamity. Death, a glorious, honorable death, is far more to be preferred than an ignoble, impure, pusillanimous life. People talk about death as if it were the grave of all hope, all effort, all growth. We know better. Death is an open door to a better life. Many men—men whose morals are corrupt and whose bodies are disease-ridden—would be far better dead than alive. Such men should not be permitted to propagate their species. And if good, true men die on the battlefield, their end will be more glorious than their beginning. Let us, as Latter-day Saint women, pray and hope for honorable peace, but dread dishonor, stultification, inaction, slothfulness, vanity, all lusts of the flesh, and the abominations of the world, for ourselves and for our sons. Let us achieve action, progress, fulfilment of prophecy, expansion, and cultivate the aggressiveness of the gospel of truth and righteousness.

Guide Lessons.

LESSON I.

Theology and Testimony.

FIRST WEEK IN OCTOBER.

WOMEN OF THE BIBLE

MARY.

References: Read Luke 1:26-56; 2:1-7; 2:41-52; John 2:1-11; 19:25-27.

Which Mary, do you ask? There is but one to consider—the Mary—she who has the unique distinction of being the mother of God. Among womankind she stands absolutely alone, the envied and the adored. To this high privilege of hers, generations before her day looked forward; to this great fact in her life, generations after her have looked back with reverent eyes, and blessed her name. What genuine woman would not give all she has to be so esteemed of men and of angels?

Motherhood, to the Hebrew woman, meant more than it could possibly mean to the woman of any other nation whatsoever. And for this reason: Besides the instinctive longing for maternity that pulsates in the breast of every normal woman, the Jewish woman dwelt constantly in the thought, which grew into the hope, that she, of all the women of Israel, might become the mother of the Messiah—of Him who was to strike off the yoke from the necks of the Jews and redeem the whole people. For throughout all the years, from the days of Sarah who “conceived in her old age” to the self-righteous Pharisee who twisted and misinterpreted the Scriptures, the prophecy later embodied in Isaiah’s words, “Behold, a virgin shall be with child, and shall bring forth a son, and they shall call his name Emmanuel, which is ‘God with us,’” was understood in a very literal sense by those to whom it was given. And Mary was the choice of the chosen, the blessed of the blessed!

The Latter-day Saints do not envelop Mary in the mist and remoteness that most others do in the Christian world. They do not pray to her as the intermediary between them and her glorious Son. On the contrary, they hold her in a high and substantial reverence—a reverence that has its basis in an intelligent understanding of the great law of life and progress and that would be utterly impossible to a mind beclouded by the generally accepted notions of “the immaculate conception.”

Mary's uniqueness, therefore, consists in the fact that her Child, in the words of Dr. Talmage, "was begotten of Elohim, the Eternal Father, not in violation of natural law but in accordance with a higher manifestation thereof." Nor should this idea shock one's sense of sanctity who has the conception of woman's function in life that he ought to have. Rather does it exalt her into companionship with the highest intelligences, and place sex relationship among the highest functions in individual life.

The same angel who visited Zacharias appeared to her. But her attitude was different from that of the priest, for she said, after the announcement of the birth of Jesus: "Behold the handmaid of the Lord; be it unto me according to thy word." After this, as we know, she paid a visit to her cousin Elizabeth. On this occasion it was that she gave expression, as Luke tells us, to the "Magnificat," through which her spirit shines:

"My soul doth magnify the Lord; and my spirit hath rejoiced in God my Savior. For he hath regarded the low estate of his handmaiden; for, behold, from henceforth all generations shall call me blessed. He that is mighty hath done to me great things, and holy is his name. His mercy is on them that fear him from generation to generation. He hath shown strength with his arm; he hath scattered the proud in the imagination of their hearts. He hath put down the mighty from their seats, and exalted them of low degree. He hath filled the hungry with good things, and the rich he hath sent empty away. He hath holpen his servant Israel, in remembrance of his mercy, as he spake to our fathers, to Abraham, and to his seed forever."

Her confinement took place at Bethlehem, although her home was at Nazareth. After the birth, when it appeared that Herod wished to kill the new-born King of the Jews, Joseph took his wife and the Child to Egypt. About two years later, when Herod was dead, the couple returned with Jesus to their home town. Here Mary lived, most probably, all the rest of her life, not counting her yearly visits to Jerusalem to attend the feasts of the Passover. It was on one of these visits that Mary and her husband missed Jesus and found Him later discoursing in the temple with "the doctors, both hearing them and asking them questions." "And his mother said unto him, Son, why hast thou thus dealt with us? behold, thy father and I have sought thee sorrowing." And it was His mother that "kept all these sayings in her heart."

We read of her again at the marriage at Cana. She tells her Son, who was at the feast, that all the wine was gone and later instructed the servants to do "whatsoever he saith unto you." After this, on one or two occasions, we find her evidently following the great Teacher, standing without the circle of people that generally surrounded Him. The last glimpse we get of her is at the cross, which must have been full of agony not only for Him

but for her. She and John were standing together. When Jesus saw them, He said to her, "Woman, behold thy son," referring doubtless to His disciple; for immediately afterward He said to John, "Behold thy mother." And the "disciple whom Jesus loved" took her to his own home "from that hour."

QUESTIONS.

1. Give all the facts that you know of Mary in their order.
2. In what sense is the fatherhood of Jesus generally understood by Christians?
3. In what sense do the Latter-day Saints understand this matter?
4. Which satisfies your intelligence the better? Why?
5. Why should Mary be so highly regarded by Christian nations?
6. Why did Jewish women desire motherhood?
7. What are the reasons for desiring maternity today among the Latter-day Saints?
8. What do you think were the traits of character of Mary? (In answering this last question do not say what you do not have any authority for.)

LESSON II.

Work and Business.

SECOND WEEK IN DECEMBER.

LESSON III.

Genealogy and Art.

THIRD WEEK IN DECEMBER.

GENEALOGY.

ANGLO-SAXON SURNAMES.

It will be interesting and profitable for the class to take up a brief study of the early history of Great Britain. This can be done from any school or library history. There should be a little inquiry made into the invasion of Britain in the third century by the Saxons. A little should be learned about Hengist and Horsa a century later—A. D. 449—with an inquiry into the invasion of the Angles and Saxons and Jutes of the southern counties of England. It will be impossible to get a comprehensive knowledge of English surnames without this preliminary study into early English history.

The Saxons, as all of these barbarian Teutons were called by the conquered Britons, were fierce, warlike and savage in their conduct and traditions. The Roman civilization which had been planted there by the efforts of Emperor Claudius was swept violently away by the Saxon invaders. The courts, forms of office, laws of marriage, and inheritance were suppressed. Even the language of science, of business, and of daily conversation which had been introduced by the Romans, was lost in the general revolution. By the end of the fifth century, England had lost all practical trace of both the Celtic and the Roman customs and nomenclature.

The Saxons, like all primitive peoples, had but one name, and like all such peoples, the name was given because of some bodily blemish, or perfection, some condition of the parents' mind when the child was born, or because of some whim or impulse which actuated the parent or guardian in giving the name. In every intelligent community the giving of the name has always been regarded as a solemnity, often accompanied with a religious rite.

Personal names, later called Christian names—those simple individual names which were given by the Saxons to their children, were but for the life of him to whom they were attached—they died with him and were not passed on to his descendants. The Saxons knew nothing of surnames as such. Many Saxon names became moulded into surnames after William the Conqueror introduced the foundation habit of making surnames. Such names as Harold, Ethelreda, Edith and Ermentrude are all Saxon names. Osbern, which came over from Juteland, Jalf, Juin or Juing which was the Norman scribe's spelling of Young, were common in those days. Gamel, meaning senior, was the father. Aylward, Aluric, Leofwin, Finn, meaning Dane; Syward, Thorlog, Tovie, Ulward, corrupted later into Willard, and Dolfen. These are some of the names which were given by the Anglo-Saxons. Childe was often given to the youngest member of the family, but the Anglo-Saxons had no known surnames whatever except in the way of added nick names or sobriquets. There was Harold the Unready, Osbern the Red, signifying the color of his hair, and Eric the Black, or Black Eric, meaning the eyes and hair color of the possessor.

"Among the Angles, Saxons, Teutons of Germany, and Scandinavians, an almost unlimited variety of personal names existed. These could be formed with facility by combinations, in which the designations of gods, beasts, and birds, even of inanimate objects, could be made use of, with expletives added.

"The deities from whom they drew their origin, who reigned in Valhalla, and ruled the course of events, were the Aesir, the singular of which is As. Hence came such names Asbjorn, Osborn (the divine bear); Asmund, Osmund (the hand of the god);

Aswald, Oswald (the power of the As); Oswin (the friend of the ancestral deity).

"Or, again, a special deity was honored, as Thor, the Thunderer; Thorfrid is the Peace of Thor; Thorbjorn, the Bear of Thor. An archbishop of York who died in 1140 was Thursten—the Sacrificial Stone on Thor, across which the spine of the victim was snapped.

"In the temples and at religious feasts a caldron was employed, filled with blood, that was splashed over the image, and which was used as well for boiling the horseflesh for the sacrificial feast. This was the kettill, and hence we have Thorketill and Osketill.

"Frey was another god. Freymund was the Hand of God, and Freystan—still among us as a surname, Freestone—the Stone of Frey.

"Gud was a name employed before Christianity was finally accepted, as a name of God, without any very fixed idea being attached to it; but when the English were converted it entered into numerous combinations, as Guthfrid (the Peace of God), Guthric (the Power of God), Godwin (the Friend of God).

"Arn, the Eagle into which, according to myth, Wuotan had transformed himself, gave names, as Arnor (the Eagle Arrow), Arnvid (the Eagle Wood), Arnkill (the sacrificial kettle of Odin the Eagle). The Finns, from whom tribute was taken by the Norwegian kings, were regarded with not a little awe as necromancers, but marriages were entered into with them, and the name of Finn penetrated into the nomenclature of the offspring, as Finnlong, Thorfin; or the name Halfdan was employed, indicative of mixed blood.

"Qualities also entered into the composition of names, as Ethelburg (the noble stronghold), Ethelred (the noble counselor), Eadward (the defender of his property). The list might be greatly extended, but this must suffice."

We give here the list of Anglo-Saxon and Danish names found in Domesday Book:

Aben, Achi, Acum, Aedric Grim, Aelfag, Elfag, Aergrim, Ailm, Ailmar melc, Aki, Aldene tope, Algrim, Alli, Alnod Grutt, Alric, Alsi Bolla, Alured biga, Aluric, Alward, Alwin, Amod, Andrac, Anunt dacus (properly "Omund the Dane"), Ape, Appe, Archilbar, Ardegrip, Aregrim, Arngrim, Aschilbar, Aseloc, Auto, Azor, Baco, Bar, Basin, Biga, Bil, Boda, Bode, Bodus, Bou, Bu, Boui, Bristoward, Brictuar Bubba, Brihtuold, Bunda, Bonde, Bondi, Buni, Bondo, Caffo, Cava, Cavo, Cavus, Celcott, Cheteber, Chetelber, Chetelbern (properly Ketelbjorn), Clac, Col, Cola, Cole, Colle, Colo, Coole, Couta, Crin, Dedol, Doda, Dode, Dodo, Don, Done, Donne, Donnus, Edlouedief, Elmer, Edric, Edwin, Edward, Eldille, Elsi, Epy, Ergrim, Esber (properly Osbern),

Eurewacre, Felaga, Fot, Fuglo, Gam, Game, Gamel, Gamelcarl, Gamilbar, Gumelbar, Gamiltorf, Gathne, Gilepatric, Glunier, Godtovi, Goleathegn, Gold, Golnil, Gos, Gribol, Grimulf, Haltor, Heltor, Huna, Hunus, Hunc, Huni, Hunic, Hunni, Hunnett, Jalf, Jaul, Juin, Juing, Kee, Kettelbern, Kettelbert, Lambecarl, Leswin, Lewric, Lewin, Lurc, Maban, Munnius, Magno, Suert, Moithar, Offa, Osbert, Oslac, Phin, Pin, Ram, Ramechil, Roc, Rozo, Saloman, Salpus, Sbern, Scheit, Scett, Scotcol, Seiar, Seiard, Siward Bar, Siward barn for Bjorn, Sessi, Sindi, Snellinc, Snode, Snot, Sol, Spriites and Spirtes, Spert, Stam, Stanker, Ster, Sterr, Sterre, Stur, Strui, Suartcol, Swenus Suart, Thol, Thole, Tholi, Tol, Toli, Thor, Tor, Tou, Toul, Tovi, Towi, Turlogi (properly Thorlaug), Uuward, Unfac, Wadel, Wadhel, Welp, Wilegrip, Wit, Elward Levet, Wardrou.

QUESTIONS.

Who were Hengist and Horsa?

How did the coming of the Angles, Saxons and Jutes (or Danes) affect the language of Great Britain?

What was the character of the Saxons?

What other people had but one name?

What can you say of Christian names?

Give instances of Saxon names.

Reference Books:

"Story of Family Names," by S. Baring-Gould.

"Christian Names," by Charlotte Yonge.

"English Surnames," by Beardsley.

These books can be purchased through the Genealogical Society of Utah. They can be consulted in most public libraries. If libraries are without them, ask to have them put in stock.

ART AND ARCHITECTURE.

December.

"ON EARTH PEACE, GOOD WILL TO MEN."

This is the Christmas month, and let our art work consist of bringing something beautiful into the home, not from the shops, but from Nature which is never tired of giving to those who seek. Put on thick boots and let us go in search of the wild Christmas holly. On the mountains we will find mountain ash, wild rose berries, joint-grass by the creeks, and the Oregon grape, or mountain holly, and in the highest spots mistletoe may be found. If the snow blanket is not heavy, rose berries will still be intact and the Oregon grape will still be found under the light

snow. The beautiful "box" will be seen in patches on the creek banks. These will make a festive Christmas decoration, and will be more admired than the commonplace Christmas holly, so you may carry home gunny sacks of beautiful sprays from your own mountains.

DECORATION.

Don't forget the Christmas table. If there is nothing green in your vicinity, make mats for your table. I have seen my mother fold and cut ornate, lacy mats of green from green paper to put under the meat platter and the vegetable dishes. She made bells of red to hang over the mantel. I often use English ivy which is effective on the lace curtains in little sprays and in long festoons hung over chandeliers, shelves, sideboard, pictures, clock and favorite family portraits. And in keeping with all this, the ivy should complete the table decorations. Unique place cards for Christmas may be made with bunches of green slipped through a slit in the card. Be sure and add a Christmas wish with the name of the guest. An old English custom is to bring in "The Christmas Rose," which might revive.

QUESTIONS.

a. Describe Christmas Day with the snow blanket. What are the colors of the shadows? Describe the appearance of the snow-covered foliage. Describe the sky of Christmas night, the stars in the sky, and the landscape with the lights in the houses. Tell a unique way of dressing the Christmas tree without the cheap tinsel decoration so commonly used. The first Christmas tree we had for our children was decorated with Japanese trimmings which we hunted out from a Japanese store. There were tiny colored jugs, small teapots, fans, tiny balloons and lanterns. Every kind of animal we could find made by those cunning Japanese workers, as chickens, monkeys, etc., we hung on the trees. An artist friend in whose family were no children, gave us some icicles of glass, little jars brought from Europe, and many other interesting trinkets. The candlesticks were tiny flowers with a device to cling to the tree. A few paper baskets made by my mother, and always a stork hanging in the top of the tree, made a charming work of art for the children to enjoy. No commercial or vulgar toys were used, and many were the children that came to view it. Each thing was treasured from year to year with always an addition of something rare or unique. How different from the many foolish, gaudy trees I have seen, and which other people seem to take some pleasure with!

b. Suggest a unique plan for hanging up Christmas stock-

ings. Use the French fashions of putting the shoes to receive the gift for a novelty.

c. Do you think it possible to give a valuable art lesson to your family by working out a scheme of color in your Christmas tree decorations?

ARCHITECTURE.

December.

PANAMA-PACIFIC INTERNATIONAL EXPOSITION.

Show a collection of views of the Exposition.

Three years before the opening of the Panama-Pacific International Exposition the site of its fascination courts, entrancing gardens, its fine Italian towers and Moslem domes, was a marshy sea-washed stretch—the home of the sea-gull.

Two continents had been severed to make way for shipping. Generations had been waiting for this cut, and it was meet that the world should be called to take notice of so stupendous an event by joining in the making of a world's Exposition in its honor.

No spot more wonderful could have been chosen for a world's meeting place there to commemorate with architecture and sculpture, with painting and with flowers, with oratory and song, and with all the handiwork of man, this marvelous accomplishment!

So here was reared, by American artists, a city of enchantment. Looking upon it from the Bay, or from the nearby hills, it appears like a beautiful mosaic, rythmical in plan—but it was never planned—it is the result of a dream or vision! Who has not been entranced by its marvelous color scheme, its balance and originality of design. There are few men who deserve our admiration for their part in achieving this work of art. Let us write their names upon a tablet of honor.

Mr. Willis Polk and Mr. Edward Bennett who saw the vision and laid the foundation.

George Kelham, of San Francisco (architect), Manager in Chief.

Karl Bitter, of New York, and Sterling Calder who thought the sculptures.

Mr. Ryan, of San Francisco, and Mr. Guy Bailey, of Berkeley, illuminators.

John McLaren and Donald, his son, landscape gardeners. Porter Garnett, of Berkeley, selected the inscriptions.

Paul E. Denver, of New York, invented the materials for the buildings.

Jules Guerin created the color scheme.

The architect of the Court of Ages, Louis Christian Mullgardt.

Architect of the Court of the Four Seasons, Henry Bacon, of New York.

Architect of the Palace of Horticulture, Bakewell and Brown, of San Francisco.

Architects of Palace of Fine Arts, Bernard R. Maybeck, of San Francisco.

LESSON IV.

Home Economics.

FOURTH WEEK IN OCTOBER.

THE HOME ECONOMICS MOVEMENT AND ITS MEANING.

FORESHADOWING.—In ages past, during the patriarchal period, men provided the food while women cooked it and kept the hearth fires burning. When warring tribes encroached, or fresh pastures were sought, locations were changed, and the women carried seeds of grains and fruits and planted them in the new environment. In those times her life was lived in the out-of-doors and she was the mother of the arts and crafts. In medieval ages she spun, wove and dyed, supervised the making of the household necessities, was famed for culinary art and needlework. Her place at the pinnacle of a cycle was assured, the lady bountiful, the head of home industries. Then the cycle of commercial industry swept the home and village manufacturers, into great buildings filled with machinery. The home from being an industrial center became a place of small daily tasks. But with the commercial cycle had begun an educational era, and women, in the world, bereft of other things turned to scholarship, and public life. Amongst us women have taken up their Relief Society, Y. L. M. I. A., and temple work.

THE AWAKENING.—Just when it seemed as though home and its keeping was to be an experiment, turning out well or ill according to the natural ability of the keeper, the leaders of this people organized women, and church schools, making extension divisions of the R. S. teachers' activities. Our leading men and women called attention to the heavy death rate, particularly among infants, to lack of general health, and told us that it was due to sins against sanitation, nutrition, and urged the people to study the Word of Wisdom and the laws of Moses. Their

indefatigable labors brought to the minds of our people a realization of the need for special training in home making lines, and provided means for that training. The fruits of their labors are seen today in the universal instruction that is given in home lines, in our Church and state schools. In the world there are special colleges, and nearly every higher institution provides courses in home economics, while high schools are all more or less equipped with laboratory facilities. Agricultural Colleges were endowed; our own Utah A. C. being a pioneer in every phase of this work, and it now occupies front rank in every department and function.

EXTENSION DEPARTMENTS.—But this progress was not made without educational work among the parents, and there were numbers of young women who would never have a chance for such an education. It was the need for arousing the sympathy and insuring the co-operation of the former and bringing help to the latter, that brought the college extension movement into being. It is in fact what its name implies, an extension of the courses taught in school and college to the farm and home.

STEPS IN DEVELOPMENT.—At first the work was carried on by means of farmers' institutes at which College professors and local farmers talked to audiences made up mostly of men, the women's share being a demonstration in the preparation, service, and clearance of a bounteous lunch. After a time a woman speaker was added to the afternoon's program. Such women as could, attended, while the men graciously left the discussion of livestock and crops to listen to talks on food preparation, sanitation, and care of human offspring.

Perhaps there are few things so suggestive of what education on these lines has done as the fact that today a woman speaker holds as high a place as a man at an institute, and her subject is listened to and discussed with equal eagerness by both sides of the house.

SHORT COURSES, CONFERENCES, MOVABLE SCHOOLS.—Farmers' institutes were good in their way, but did not last long enough and were too circumscribed. Short courses of from three days to one week's duration, consisting of movable schools, for both men and women, and in which instruction is given either in the form of a class and laboratory at which the women actually do the work, or by lectures and demonstrations, were instituted. Once a year a big conference is held at which speakers of note are heard. These forms of extension work, too, had, and still have, great value, giving chances to meet the women and discuss their problems not only in the lecture hall but also in their homes. Institutes and schools were supported by the state funds.

FARM AND HOME DEMONSTRATION WORK.—Heretofore "Uncle Sam" had been an interested spectator except for the

maintaining of Experiment Stations for agriculture in each state, and the publishing of bulletins for the use of both the farmer and his wife. It became apparent, however, to our government that the material from the college and experiment station given by those doing extension work, was reaching to a great extent only the ears of the audiences, and for the amount of time and money expended did not show sufficient results in active work on farms or in homes. And so the idea was evolved of employing men and women to live among the people and to help them by means of field and home demonstrations, to put into practice the better methods taught. Again, our own agricultural college was at the head of this progressive movement. A bill known as the Smith-Lever Bill was passed providing for the work and its maintenance. From henceforth extension work no longer is carried on by the state and college alone, but by the government of the United States, through the Department of Agriculture, in co-operation with the states of the Union through the extension divisions of the respective colleges of agriculture.

THE STATES RELATIONS SERVICE.—All great undertakings must be organized to be successful. A department at Washington, D. C., known as the States Relations Service was formed. This department takes charge of the farm and home demonstration work.

WOMEN'S SHARE.—There has recently been appointed a woman whose time is devoted to supervising the projects undertaken in the various states, while state leaders are being appointed to supervise the work of women county agents in the states.

UTAH'S SHARE.—It is interesting to note that Utah was the first state in the Union to engage a woman to do home demonstration work in a county. We have at this time two women in two counties. They carry on their work by means of projects, the nature of which depends upon the needs of the community. Perhaps the ones most prominent are nutrition of infants, with the allied activities of clean milk campaigns, baby clinics, and general town clean-ups; family diet including cookery, vegetable garden contests, canning, household finance, and general home management. Our Relief Society has taken up this work and we urge our women to join, and take part in the movement. The President of the U. A. C. has promised us all the aid we desire both through special teachers and by arranging their Institute Classes to fit our needs.

SIMILITUDE.

By Lulu Greene Richards.

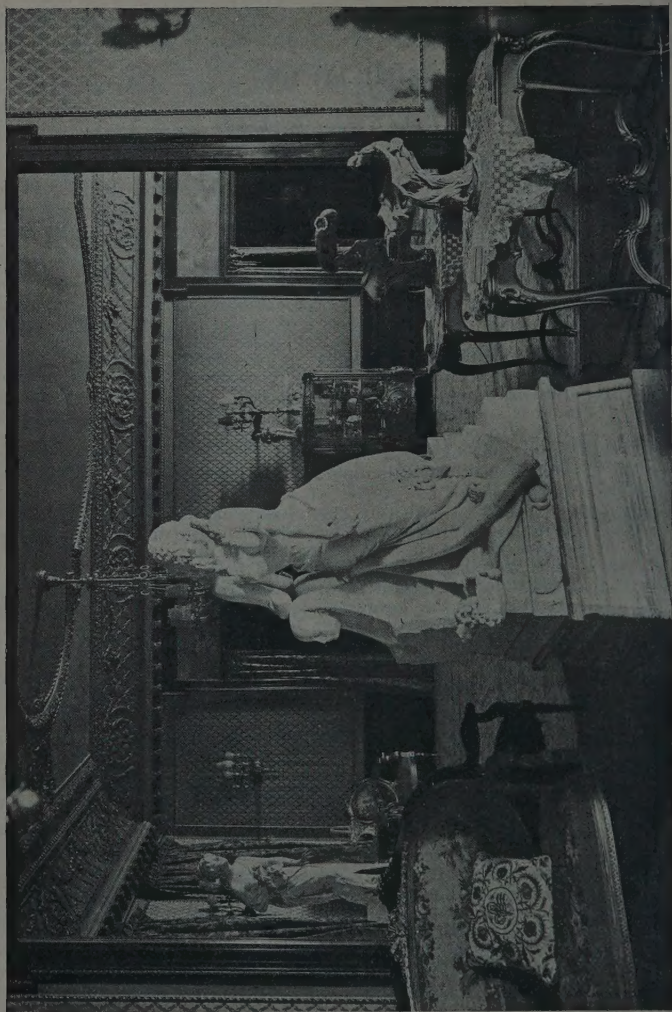
A lingering ray of winter sunshine steals,
With noiseless step, where nothing else could tread,
And with soft kiss its parting blessings seals
Upon a tired baby's golden head.
'Tis Christmas Eve, and in the dim lit hall
The child cries out and knocks at mother's door
Until it opens, and the plaintive call
Fond kisses answer and its smiles restore.

It may not enter yet, and well placed screen
Hides all its eager, wondering eyes would see,
Peep as it will, there's nothing to be seen
But shadowy suggestions of a tree.
But it is soothed; in mother's restful arms
Away to comfort and to sleep 'tis borne,
Unconscious of the loving, lavish charms
Which wait its wakening on Christmas morn.

A world stood knocking at a close shut door,
Longing and pleading that it soon might ope;
A flood of light the weary hosts shone o'er,
The sacred benison of faith and hope.
Then souls grew penitent of sinful pride
As charity's fair banner wide unfurled,
The gracious door of heaven was opened wide,
And arms of love and mercy clasped the world.

But ah! so well is placed the veil—the screen—
That wistful mortal eyes upon it thrown
Catch only faint, stray glimpses of the scene
Which Jesus holds in waiting for His own.
And as the mother lulls her child to sleep,
So must the world its silent slumber take,
Oblivious of the glorious mysteries deep
To be reaveled and hailed when it shall wake.

'Tis Christmas morning. Mother's open door
Grants baby freedom to most rapturous sight;
All gifts she'd wished for, and so many more!
The screen removed, behold his wild delight.
Not yet the world is called to wake and rise,
But it will be, the veil will pass away.
Fulness of joy awaits the sweet surprise
On Christ's glad morn, the Resurrection Day.



DRAWING-ROOM IN THE MC CUNE HOME (See page 677).